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A Prize Story written expressly for the "Times."

REGINALD'S REVENGE;

OR, THE ROD & REPROOF.

BY MISS S. J. C. WHITTLESEY,

Author of "Heart-Drops from Memory's Urn;" "The Hidden Heart;" "Herbert Hamilton, or, The Bas Bleu;" "The Stranger's Stratagem, or The Double Deceit;" "Alice Aftan;" "The Bug-Oracle," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

Courage! there is none so poor,
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek.
Barry Cornwall.

THE following morning, Ralph assisted the sweet girl into her father's carriage, but managed to leave the honor of aiding Mrs. Fenton, to her husband, and accompanied them to town. His old mistress was all smiles and suavity, during the journey; she could not see the deadly reptile coiled up beneath his glossy vest, just ready to strike!—the hideous monster that she had laid there, in its infancy, and now nurtured by the years and memory, into a strong, venomous serpent!

Ralph looked a silent, lingering adieu into Nellie's large, soft eyes, as they parted, receiving a polite and even pressing invitation from the affable Mrs. Fenton to visit them during his stay—to which our hero responded by mentally ejaculating: "go to ——!"—and the subsequent day the following announcement appeared in the city papers:

"Ralph Reginald Esqr., will deliver a Lecture in the Lyceum Hall on Tuesday evening next. Subject—"Perseverance." Commencing at 7½ o'clock. Admission 25 cts."

A buzz went through the community as this advertisement was read and repeated along the thoroughfare, in the counting-rooms and work-shops; and the inquiry went forth, with one voice: "where is he?" but the Lecturer had disappeared from the Hotel, ere the [illegible] was made for his [illegible] quarters.

Ralph's expose of Mrs. Fenton's hypocrisy and tyranny, had rendered his name a familiar word in every home within limits of the corporation, and an ardent desire to see the talented author was universally felt and expressed. He had so written his article, and published it in a hebdomadal for which he knew Mr. Fenton subscribed, that it could not be misapprehended, and had been discussed by friend with friend, and bruited from house to house, until his whole history was ferreted out, and laid open to the inquisitive and garrulous public.

Mrs. Fenton was regarded with suspicious eyes, but her wealth enabled her to retain her position, while Madam Rumor whispered slyly and winked significantly behind the golden pillar to which she clung for support! The most pious members of her church, however, grew cold and more distant, and gradually "dropped her" as "a wolf in sheep's clothing." They were on the alert, and by close observation, became convinced of the truth of Ralph's assertion.

Mrs. Fenton keenly felt the change that some [illegible] of her wealthiest associates and resolved to wreak vengeance upon her bold enemy, but Ralph was safely [illegible] beyond her malevolent reach.

Nellie was saddened by the circumstances, even while she acknowledged, mentally, [illegible] truth and justice, and his tender allusion to her, thrilled her young heart. She eagerly watched for Ralph's name, in every No. of the journal and his occasional articles delighted her by their poetic emotions and high, noble sentiments. A longing to behold her once [illegible] and rugged little pupil, was awakened in her heart, and strengthened with every [illegible] effusion.

She had many suitors, but none [illegible] her [illegible] and were [illegible] firmly dismissed as they [illegible] for her hand. Mrs. Fenton [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

their thrusts with the memory of the talented student at Chapel Hill—he came between her and them, yet the fair girl knew not that she loved him—she had not been tested to the confessing point.

Mr. Fenton jerked off his glasses, and rattled them upon his knee, with an animated thump.

"Hallo! I'm bound to hear that, by thunder! Ralph Reginald—your old foe, Polly—ha! haw!—going to lecture in the Lyceum, next Tuesday night! *Jerusalem!* there's fun ahead!—ha! haw!"

Nellie sprang at the paper, but dropped it carelessly, and turned indifferently away—her mother had taught her the art of duplicity! She was trembling, and grew red and white alternately, but her tact protected her.

"The villain!" enunciated Mrs. Fenton, harshly—"I for one shan't encourage him—the mean, ungrateful beggar!—that's flat!"

But upon reflection Mrs. Fenton thought it would not comport with her christian character, to give such an evidence of malevolence. She concluded to aid "the poor thing," with four silver quarters, or one little Californian, from her charitable purse, and moreover, sent off a dispatch to her relatives—'Squire Hamlin's family, to contribute, by their presence, for her "old runaway, but compassionated boy's benefit." By this means, she sustained her reputation for benevolence and christian forgiveness, in their eyes, and moreover—what was the darling motive-prompter—gratified her *curiosity;* for Mrs. Fenton had inherited every grain of that ingredient in the human composition, that had been transmitted down the long line of posterity, from mother Eve to her own maternal relative. She longed to see and hear Ralph, and her curiosity got the better of her rankling spite!

Ralph was not one whit surprised to behold her among the audience, when he stood proudly up before those who had once known him as a little ragged serving-boy, in her family—he knew her nature too thoroughly. He had seen her peer many an hour, through the window-blinds, at the house across the way, to the neglect of her household duties, that was receiving a new tenant, to inform herself of the quality and quantity of the furniture that was being carted up, and which she subsequently discussed, in detail, from Chickering's handsome rosewood banded piano, down to the uncouth kitchen stove!

The community was on the *qui vive* for the event, and the large hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, at an early hour, eagerly awaiting the appearance of the young orator; for Ralph, from motives politic, had not appeared in town since the announcement of his design, and all eyes turned inquisitively towards the doors as the appointed hour drew nigh. Ralph realized over four hundred dollars, clear of all expenses, for his first Lecture, and simply because of his hard lot, in early life, beneath Mrs. Fenton's roof.

Circumstances resulting from her cruelty and oppression, invested him with an interest that convened a larger assembly than he would, otherwise, have attracted, thus "out of evil, came forth good."

Ralph's step was never so firm and lordly, as when he passed up the long aisle, and braved the fire of many hundreds of piercing eyes; he had never looked more handsome, for anticipation had animated his fine face, and lent an extra charm to his whole person and port.

He did not see the involuntary start that agitated Mrs. Fenton's party, as they [illegible] his countenance, and recognized the [illegible] of one [illegible], but he did soon discover the paleness of his old mistress' face, the [illegible] of Nellie's, and the [illegible] of wonder that [illegible] in the open eyes of the entire party.

There was a humorous expression about the old 'Squire's mouth, as Ralph [illegible] him kindly, that [illegible], and a suppressed smile rose to his shrewd eyes.

Ralph had placed himself in that position, for the express purpose of [illegible] those who had once known him as the "little pauper," and [illegible] his design. He knew his power, and carried it [illegible]. From the hour of his exit from Mrs. Fenton's mansion, into the wide world, homeless and friendless, he had acted upon the principle that [illegible] He had never shrank from difficulties, nor [illegible] opposition. Like the brave [illegible], he had ever [illegible] to the music of thoughts and feelings that followed him, in his life-march— [illegible]

yonder is the enemy; beyond him, plenty—MARCH!" And Ralph *had* marched, straight forward, without flinching; cutting through the enemy—tearing down the red flag of every foe, and came off victorious, with only one wound, and that he had sworn to *revenge!* Reader, Ralph Reginald was not an embodiment of every virtue and perfection—he was only a *man.*

Burst after burst of applause followed our hero through his brilliant and stirring address, in which the old 'Squire's gold-headed cane aided vigorously and enthusiastically; but Ralph's richest reward was in Nellie's beaming face and moist eyes. The sweet girl's speaking countenance inspired him, as the roll of the battle-drum and martial music inspirit the tramping warriors, and lightning-flashes of poetic fancy, leaped from his eloquent lips, and thunder-peals of thought and feeling rolled up from his profound and well-stored mind, and were wafted out to the absorbed crowd, with an elocution that doubled their intrinsic beauty and power, till a deafening "hurra" burst spontaneously from the audience, and drowned the orator's voice, while Nellie's small, cherry mouth was spread, with sparkling animation as she concealed her face to screen enthusiastic tears!

Like all popular speakers, Ralph lifted the tumbler to his lips, till the roar subsided, and though glowing with excitement, and an hour's exercise upon the stand—for Ralph was a peripatetic speaker, and varied his position with every flight of fancy and eloquent impulse—Nellie observed that his fair, finely-molded hand, once so lean and saffron hued, was steady as a lily-cup of a breathless summer eve. Ah, Ralph had acquired strength and firmness in her mother's gloomy garret—it had made him what he was, admired and honored—opened up the way to future glory and fame, yet the memory of it yet burned in his orphan veins, and was destined to kindle a conflagration that would consume the pride and happiness of the innocent as well as guilty!

Mrs. Fenton would fain have compromised with the able and admired speaker, but she waited in vain—Ralph regarded her, at a dignified distance, with a cold sternness that forbade all hopes of a reconciliation. Nellie's dark eyes looked modestly and wistfully into his, at the close of the Lecture, but though Ralph recognized her with a soul full smile, and graceful inclination, he stood aloof—she was too near her despised mother!

Nellie passed a sleepless night, reviewing the bygone and the events of the evening, especially, and wondering if he would not come to-morrow; but day after day rolled on, and month after month, and yet she looked in vain. Her sweet, sad face grew paler and thinner, while Ralph's was flushed with success and prosperity, as he was borne over the sea of life, upon the rose-tinted waves of popularity.

CHAPTER VIII.

"On her lightening wing leaps vivid thought,
And dark remorse rolls rumblingly along!"

A FEW days subsequent to his brilliant triumph before his old mortified mistress, "Ralph Reginald, Attorney at Law," stood out in bold relief upon a handsome office on the great thoroughfare. Ralph had taken lodgings at the first hotel in the city, and commenced his professional career with a flourish becoming his late victory. His fine talents and lofty mien were a passport to universal favor, and the highest houses were gladly thrown open to receive him.

Mrs. Farley, she whom Mrs. Fenton had foiled in the contribution of one hundred dollars to a foreign mission, was among the first to court his friendship and favor, and poor Nellie's paleness was in a great degree attributable to his occasional appearance in society, with gentle, blue-eyed, [illegible] Fanny Farley!

Nellie frequently met Ralph in scenes of gayety and fashion, but though he was invariably smiling and sociable, in her mother's absence, and sometimes familiarly referred to her former capacity as teacher, yet he had not accepted her own and Mr. Fenton's invitations to visit the family mansion, nor betrayed one symptom of willingness to forgive and become reconciled with Mrs. Fenton, and the poor girl sorely suffered in secret, for her mother's sins.

Mrs. Fenton's pride rose, with several ineffectual attempts to conciliate the popular favorite, and thereafter the two passed and re-passed, in society with equal coldness and hauteur on either side. Their enmity was a well-known fact in the community, and a subject of frequent discussion in private circles.

During Ralph's residence under the Fenton roof, Mr. Fenton had been involved in a lawsuit, with a relative of his wife, who had been defeated through indifferent counsel and bribed witnesses, and rendered poor, in consequence.—Ralph well remembered the words of exultation that rang through the mansion at the result of the suit, but his young mind could not comprehend "the weightier matters of the law," then.

Mr. Winton, the plaintiff, had lived in poverty since that judicial decision, and avowed enmity with his relatives, the Fentons. He gloried in Ralph's expose of his mean mistress, and grasped at every circumstance that could weigh against her. He was present at Ralph's first lecture, and regularly attended the court-room where the Attorney's eloquence and legal cunning had repeatedly vanquished his opponent, and Mr. Winton conceived the idea of reviving the old suit, and committing his cause to Ralph's ability and vengeance.

He visited the young lawyer at his office, stated the case and asked advice, anticipating his hearty co-operation, from a knowledge of Ralph's hatred for Mrs. Fenton.

Ralph, finding that a verdict had been rendered for the defendant, and a new trial granted to the plaintiff, who thereupon immediately ordered his suit to be dismissed, from pecuniary inability to continue it, which the court had permitted; and no judgement having been entered on the verdict, so as to bar any future action, therefore no bar existed; he took the matter in his own hands, merely stipulating, as his fee, in case of success, the Fenton mansion. Ah! the thorn of animosity rankled deep in his unregenerate heart!

In six months after Ralph's appearance in Alverton, as an Attorney, Mrs. Fenton was reduced from affluence to comparative poverty, through the agency of the ragged pauper-boy, whom she had so cruelly entreated in gone-by days, and he was the possessor of the mansion in whose garret he had dragged out more than four miserable years! thus verifying the Word: "he that covereth his sins, shall not prosper."

Mr. Fenton was now in as "evil a case" as Ralph had ever bemoaned; he had a shrew for a wife, and no wealth as a compensation! but his inherent strength now shone forth, for his idolized daughter's sake. Weak in prosperity, he was strong and brave in adversity, when a loved and helpless one leaned upon him for support and protection. He purchased a small but neat dwelling, in a retired part of the city, and obtained the situation of a clerk in the store that had formerly borne his name in gilt letters, above the door.

Bob, who had been reared as a gentleman at large, without employment or profession, quit the town in a rage that did infinite credit to his mother's violent temper, and took up a line of march to the shout of "Westward ho!" to try his fortune towards the setting sun. He was too proud to descend to the drudgery of work in his native town!

Nellie, who possessed her father's spirit, could not remain inactive, in times that required exertion for a support. She secretly applied for and obtained a small class in music, and entered upon the duties of teacher, with a cheerfulness that encouraged her father's heart, while Mrs. Fenton shed tears of remorse and shame over her degradation. She could not shut out from her guilty conscience the words: "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree: yet he passed away, I sought him, but he could not be found." Mrs. Fenton wept tears of anger and hate, mingled with remorse—memory was active, during her daily avocations, and poverty was teaching her penitence.

Ralph and his old mistress had now changed places; he had hurled her down in the vale, while he stood upon the mountain-top, watching her from his proud height; yet Ralph was no happier than when he had been her serving-boy. He was now lord of her once home, and master of his old friend and comforter, aunt Dinah, whom he had long ago promised to "buy with the first hundred dollars he made."

Aunt Dinah wept tears of joy and sorrow, when Ralph took possession of his new home; she was more forgiving than her young master, and shed tears of sadness for the fate of her old mistress, while our hero compressed his lips closely, and locked up his own feelings with the key of obmutescence; yet away down in his soul was groaning the hoarse sound that had followed him ten long struggling years—"REVENGE! REVENGE!"

But aunt Dinah did not grieve long over the change—it was not in human nature: she no longer got a head-ache from a hasty and irritable thump, and was mistress of the key-basket, yet she visited the fallen Fentons, frequently, without "let or hindrance," to offer consolation, in her peculiar way.

Nellie greeted her eagerly, for Ralph was the old negro's theme, and the loving girl never wearied of hearing his praise. She knew he possessed a noble heart, and his hard lot, in boyhood palliated his unforgiving spirit, in the fair maiden's mind. She loved him, in spite of his hardness and prayed daily, nay, hourly for Ralph was ever in her thoughts—that God would "take away his heart of stone, and give him one of flesh," that could forgive and forget her mother's wrongs to the little helpless orphan boy of long ago; but the heavens were brass, and no signs of a "melting mood" appeared in Ralph's demeanor, whenever they casually met.

The courted and flattered man mingled much in the gay world, where Nellie was no longer seen, and danced and smiled, the gayest of the gay, till rumor whispered that Miss Fanny Farley would soon become the bride of the handsome and eloquent lawyer. Nellie caught the floating sound and her whitening face, betrayed the inner struggle, but no word of comment escaped her lips.

Ralph was poring over the morning paper, in his bachelor home, both patent-leather boots perched upon the glittering fender, and a fragrant Havanna protruding from his finely cut lips, while aunt Dinah rattled the china upon the breakfast table, as she cleared the board. Suddenly his fine face flushed to a crimson hue, his black eyes grew larger and brighter, and a radiant smile lighted up his handsome countenance.

All through the day it was bruited throughout the town that "lawyer Reginald had fallen heir to the princely fortune of his grand father, the earl of Montrose, who had recently deceased, and bequeathed his vast possessions to his only daughter, or her descendants, if she—Mrs. Mary Reginald—who had emigrated to America, twenty one years ago, was no longer living."

This was what had so startled our hero. The advertisement had been copied from a London journal, throughout the States, at the request of the repentant and dying earl, and had come under the notice of the Alverton Editors, late the preceeding evening.

Ralph was now the "lion of the tribe" in the town where he had once been a suffering, snubbed "pauper," and ambitious, managing mamas now vied with each other in doing honor to the grandson of an English earl!

Our hero bore his great good fortune with calm dignity, and soon the city papers announced his departure for Europe, in an editorial long and loud enough to satisfy the vainest of the vain.

Mrs. Fenton pressed her lips closely, as she caught the flying news, and a paleness overspread her cold face; conscience stung her for her injustice to the poor orphan boy, and robbed her of peace in watching his prosperity. Had she been humane, and a mother to the motherless, what honor would now be reflected upon her, in lieu of poverty and reproach, and a galling memory. Her daughter might have been the wife of the grandson of an English noble.—for Mrs. Fenton had early detected their young partiality, and feared it—instead of toiling for her daily bread, and wasting her youth and beauty in neglect and obscurity. She knew Nellie's love for Ralph—she had seen it in her brightening eye, when they met, or his praise was sung by the popular voice, and in her colorless face, when the rumor of his marriage with Fanny Fenton, reached her ear. How gladly would she have sanctioned their union, now, but *her* hand had dashed the brilliant chaplet from her child's youthful brow!

Aunt Dinah's prediction to Ralph, long ago; she'll pay for it, one uv dese days, honey—dat's what!" was now fulfiled; Mrs. Fenton had "sown the mind" in that by-gone time, and she now "reaped the whirlwind." She suffered from the knowledge that her gentle uncomplaining daughter was reduced to labor, and slowly wasting away with secret sorrow, for *her* sins!

She now realized what Ralph felt when she considered him destitute of sensibility and unworthy of education, simply because of his poverty; she was forsaken by her old associates, and coolly passed by those who had once courted her society, because of her station, and Mrs. Fenton keenly felt her injustice to the poor, friendless boy now far her superior, in wealth, talents and station. Mrs. Fenton found there was retributive justice in the earth, when Nellie's waxen cheek premonished her of consumption, and Bob's complaining letters were an occasional thorn in her remorseful memory.

TO BE CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Greene Monument.

BY HUGH.

Come let us build a monument,
Whose lofty peak shall pierce the sky;
In honor to that hero Greene;
Whose memory should not, cannot die.
We say we're grateful for this land;
'Twas bought by Washington and Greene;
Then if we are not hypocrites,
Come on and let our works be seen.
Shall we not build a lasting pile
To that immortal hero's name—
Who spent his life in freedom's cause;
His country's liberties to gain?
When Liberty was but a child,
He fondly by its cradle stood;
And calmly to its foes he said—
"I'll feed this infant with your blood."
When Briton's lion roared aloud,
And shook at us his shaggy mane;
And swore in all his hateful wrath—
He'd bind us with a tyrant's chain.
'Twas then that Greene defied the host,
Of England's proud and daring corpse,
And justly won the laurel wreath
That Kings and Monarchs never wore.
His name should live forever fresh,
In every patriotic heart!
And Guilford's glorious battle field,
Should never from our memory part!

A man was walking quickly down the street the other day, when he was suddenly struck by a thought and knocked in the gutter.

By a long journey we know a horse's strength, so length of days a man's heart.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"The Just shall Live by Faith."

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Not by the fruit, and corn, and wine,
Which pile the kingly board—
Not by the gold, which men adore,
And pile in gloated hoard—
Not by the pandering pomps of pride,
And not by pleasure's wiles—
Nor yet by many treacherous things
Clothed in bewitching smiles.

The Just shall live by righteous Faith;
And when the strength shall fail—
The weary heart grow sick and faint—
The eyes wax dim and pale—
Faith in the soul shall glow and burn,
And burst in floods of light;
And God's strong arm shall be around
The earnest sons of Light!

Faith can remove the darkest doubts,
Dispel the blackest shade—
Bring back the soul to perfect peace
Which Sin's fell snares betrayed;
And lodge at last, in endless joy—
Each humbly trusting soul,
With the Good Shepherd and His flock—
Safe in the Heavenly Fold.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Thrice Welcome Gentle Spring.

BY WM. BENJ. SMITH.

Old winter with his chilling winds
Has gone in search of other claimes,
And dead the stern "Ice King"
Whose strong, firm grasp, whose frozen hand,
No more ice-binds the beaten strand,
And wrapts in snow our beauteous land—
Thrice welcome gentle spring.

The nights that once were cold and long,
Are chanted by some night bird's song;
While perfumes sweet they bring:—
'Tis now o'er budding fields we look,
And hear it whisper'd in each nook,
Each bursting bud, each bubbling brook
"Thrice welcome gentle spring."

The playful lamb now romps and bleats,
The warbling birds select their mates
While carols soft they sing—
The shrubbery by the rippling streams;
The mountain crests in beauty gleams;
Earth an Eden, almost it seems—
Thrice welcome gentle spring.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

RANDOM TOUGHTS.

BY A. STUDENT.

Life is a battle-field; and he who would wear the laurels must win the victory. The battle in which the rising generation must engage is a peculiar one. Let us for a moment cast an eye over the world as we stand here to day, in full security, upon the soil of freedom. Upon all the earth we see not a power that has ever dared to insult our flag, whose pride has not been humbled into the dust. Upon the broad bosom of the deep our gallant navy, riding gracefully, waves its flaunting banners in proud mockery to the ancient mistress of the main. But this power that presents an impregnable barrier to assaults from without, may cherish within its own bosom a viper to poison the streams of vitality. It may wear the port and hue of health while rank corruption with unseen malignity is undermining the foundations of its strength. Military prowess and skill cannot repress the rebellious hordes of treason, ambition, vice and crime. In the field in which we are about to do battle, those are not only heroes, who wear well the sword, the shield, the helm of war. Those to whom are entrusted our dearest right—who must keep the demon of destruction from our hearths, and drive the spoiler from our high-places, must be heroes of a different order. Moral reformers must do battle for us while the plumed trooper and the glittering warrior lie inactive, and useless. Their victories bring no sorrows to our hearts. The widow's groans and the orphan's cries mingle not in their shout of triumph. The blood of innocence dims not the blazonry of their deeds. They go on from conquering to conquest, while the whole theater of war is musical with the voice of blessing, and the earth yields in rich abundance the harvest of a golden promise.

The spirit of a hero for the times should thoroughly penetrated by philanthropy. Were this the dominant principle in the hearts of men, what a splendid revolution would it accomplish in the world? No longer would the hard hand of avarice wring tears of anguish from the child of misfortune—no longer would the cruel yoke of oppression press blood-drops of grief from the heart of suffering innocence—no longer would cupidity present vice in its most attractive garbs—no longer would the dungeon, peopled with crime, and teeming with curses, open its doors only to the gibbet and the grave! but earth would present a scene of which "the past affords no type save Eden and the future no prospect save Heaven." It is true that this principle governs but few! but as the jewel sparkles most brightly amid the rude rocks of earth, as the fountain is most beautiful when it leaps up amid the arid sands of the desert, as the flower is most lovely when it leans its pale cheek against the mountain's rugged brow, as the star is most brilliant when it gleams from the rifted storm cloud! so this heavenly principle is most attractive when existing amid the moral rottonness and putrefaction of the world. We do not mean to say every man should go forth, a Howard, and devote his whole time and energy to the amelioration of the sufferings of humanity! but as the crystal stream leaps up from its pure fountain and murmurs away awakening "the music of rippling waters amid green vales," so should the life springing from a heart imbued with philanthropy awaken the song of rejoicing, wherever its influence is felt.

Such is the constitution of society, that the voice of the fickle populace, which, like the sand upon the sea-shore, is moulded into a smile by every wave that greets it with a kiss, elevates the aspirant to the acme of his ambition, while popular denunciation sinks him into hopless despair. Hence, too often do we see ambition sway a lawless scepter over moral courage—too often do we see the purest gems of thought basely tarnished to suit the popular eye—too often do we see the pure ore of truth, that has been extracted from the profoundest depths of research, alloyed to suit the currency of the country—too often are the sublime conceptions and the inspired language of eloquence moulded and modulated to suit the standard erected by the popular taste, how vitiated soever that taste. This pandering of power to prejudice is an inversion of the law of God over which the genius of reform might well weep! That man who would sacrifice honor, the interests of humanity, conscience and truth upon the altar of ambition, has the honor of being ambitious like Cæsar or Satan, the one preferring to be chief in the distant and desolate Alps to playing any subordinate part at the Eternal City and the other esteeming it better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.

Philanthropy should dwell in the heart and warm it into action, then the powerful "*vox populi*" should not alarm or allure from the path marked out by an enlightened conscience and a sound judgment. That which the judgment recommends and the conscience approves is duty. He who lets "no difficulties impede him—no obstacles arrest him—no dangers affright him—no combinations perplex him," but does his duty at all times, in all places and to all men, is nature's *nobleman.* Recently, when the spirit of the storm was abroad upon the deep, and wild winds were wailing the funeral dirge of a sinking steamer, Capt. Herndon, a noble Virginian gave to the world an example of fidelity to duty, of which humanity may well be proud. Ah! thou gallant son of Neptune, thy manly form has indeed fallen a prey to the horrid jaws of the monsters that wallow upon the "wreck-paved floor" of the mother deep! but long may humanity weep, ere it weep a nobler son! The history of "the father son of the mother State," challenges the world for an equal in lofty and pure philanthropy and stern fidelity to duty. He sits enthroned in the admiration of the world without a peer in the history of man. Thoughout the wide world his name has become the theme of the poet, the minstrel and the orator. It has echoed over the plains of Chili and around the Andes. It has been borne over the waters of the Hellespont and was upon the lips of Bozzaris, in every blow he gave for freedom.

The same principles which add such resplendent luster to the name of this world renowned chieftain are equally beautiful and great, in every class of society and in every grade of intellect. Every patriot influenced by a pure philanthropy—a desire to elevate and dignify his species, should do his whole duty to his fellows, his country and his God.

TEACHING.—We have frequently seen notices of retaliation on the part of pupils for chastisement inflicted by their teachers, even when the punishment was most richly merited. We saw in an exchange, a few days since, an account of a case in which the pupil stabbed his teacher in the side, because he had attempted to punish him for some improper writing in the books of a female scholar. Ought there not to be some specific law in regard to so important a matter as the relations between our children and their tutors? There is no country in the world in which more is expected of a schoolmaster or mistress than in the United States, and in which they are vested with so little authority. In Europe, and more especially in Germany, the tutors exercise the same authority over pupils, while at school, that their parents have at home; and in fact, in Germany, the parents have no control in the matter of governing them after they enter the door of a school-house, and the beneficial results of such a system is demonstrated in the thoroughness of their education and training. The amount of responsibility and trouble devolving upon teachers is very great, and when a scholar is perverse, and will not devote himself to his studies when admonished or kindly persuaded, a more forcible argument must necessarily be used, and the law ought to sustain the tutor in its infliction to a proper extent.

We do not mean to uphold anything like tyranny on the part of those who are entrusted with the mental culture of our children; but it is obvious that, unless they are sustained in the discharge of their duties by some show of authority, they cannot succeed in the arduous task of imparting knowledge to those who will not heed any other argument than a forcible one. "As the twig is bent the tree's inclined."—*Richmond Whig.*

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Notes on Literature.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

ROBERT BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS, the unadorned genius of Scotland, the poet of nature, who tuned his lyre in unison with the gurgling rills, the swift flowing streams and the whistling winds of his native highlands and vales, was one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and whose fame will out-live the hills of his native country. Not one of the many eminent poets of Great Britain who have contributed to the establishment of that varied and stupendous literature, which is the admiration of the world, evinced a deeper inspiration or possessed a more brilliant genius and lofty imagination than the rustic bard, the humble ploughman of Ellisland. "The poetic genius of my country found me, as the prophetic bard, Elijah, did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me," says the poet in a letter to a friend. And while holding the plough with his own hand he composed many of his sweetest songs and ablest poems. It was as natural for him to write poetry, poetry of the most sterling kind, as it was for him to breath. And it is in freshness and spontaneity that his poetry finds no equal in the annals of literature. It flowed as spontaneously and gracefully from his pen as the Doon, on whose banks he strayed, flowed by him.

The genius of BURNS, says Cunningham, is of a high order; in brightness of expression and unsolicited ease and natural vehemance of language, he stands in the first rank of poets; in choice of subjects, in happiness of conception, and loftiness of imagination, he recedes into the second. He owes little of his fame to his subjects, for, saving the beauty of a few ladies, they were all of an ordinary kind; he sought neither in romance nor in history for themes to the muse; he took up topics from life around which were familiar to all, and endowed them with character, with passion, with tenderness, with humour—elevating all that he touched into the region of poetry and morals. He went to no far lands for the purpose of surprising us with wonders, neither did he go to crowns or coronets to attract the stare of the peasantry around him, by things which to them were as a book shut and sealed; "The Daisy" grew on the lands which he ploughed; "The Mouse" built her frail nest, on his own stubble-field; "The Haggis" reeked on his own table; "The Scotch Drink," of which he sang was the produce of a neighboring still; "The Twa Dogs," which conversed so wisely and wittily, were, one of them at least, his own collies; "The Vision" is but a picture, and a brilliant one, of his own hopes and fears; "Tam Samson" was a friend whom he loved; "Doctor Hornbook" a neighboring pedant; "Matthew Henderson" a social captain on half-pay; "The Scotch Bard" who had gone to the West Indies was Burns himself; the heroine of "The Lament" was Jean Armour; and "Tam O'Shanter" a facetious farmer of Kyle, who rode late and loved pleasant company, nay, even "The Deil" himself, whom he had the bardihood to address, was a being whose eldrich croon had alarmed the devout matrons of Kyle, and had wondered, not unseen by the lord himself, among the lonely glens of the Doon. Burns was one of the first to teach the world that high moral poetry resided in the humblest subjects; whatever he touched became elevated; his spirit possessed and inspired the commonest topics, and endowed them with life and beauty.

His songs have all the beauties and but few of them the faults of his poems; they flow to the music as readily as if both air and words came into the world together. The sentiments are from nature, they are rarely strained or forced, and the words dance in their places and echo the music in its pastoral sweetness, social glee, or in the tender and the moving. He seems always to write with woman's eye upon him; he is gentle, persuasive and impassioned; he appears to watch her looks, and pours out his praise or his complaint according to the changeful moods of her mind. He looks on her, too, with a sculptor's as well as a poet's eye; to him who works in marble, the diamonds, emeralds, pearls, and elaborate ornaments of gold, but load and injure the harmony of proportion, the grace of form, and divinity of sentiment of his nymph or his goddess—so with Burns, the fashion of a lady's boddice, the lustre of her satins, or the sparkle of her diamonds, or other finery with which wealth or taste has loaded her, are neglected as idle frippery; while her beauty, her form, or her mind, matters which are of nature and not of fashion, are remembered and praised. He is none of the millinery bards, who deal in scented silks, spider-net laces, rare jems, set in rarer workmanship, and who shower diamonds and pearls by the bushel on a body's locks; he makes bright eyes, blushing cheeks, the magic of the tongue, and the "pulse's maddening play" perform all. His songs are, in general pastoral pictures; he seldom finishes a portrait of female beauty without enclosing it in a natural framwork of waving woods, running streams, the melody of birds, and the lights of heaven. Those who desire to feel Burns in all his force, must seek some summer glen, when a country girl searches among his many songs for one which sympathises with her own heart, and gives it full utterance, till wood and vale is filled with the melody. It is remarkable that the most naturally elegant and truly impassioned songs in our literature were written by a ploughman in honor of the rustic lasses around him.

His poetry is all life and energy, and bears the impress of a warm heart and a clear understanding; it abounds with passions and opinions—vivid pictures of rural happiness and the raptures of successful love, all fresh from nature and observation, and not as they are seen through the spectacles of books. The wit of the clouted shoe is there without its coarseness; there is a prodigality of humour without licentiousness, a pathos ever natural and manly, a social joy akin sometimes to sadness, a melancholy not unallied to mith, and a sublime morality which seeks to elevate and sooth. To a love of man he added an affection for the flowers of the valley, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field; he perceived the tie of social sympathy which united animated with unanimated nature, and in many of his finest poems most beautifully he has enforced it. His thoughts are original, and his style is new and unborrowed; all that he has written is distinguished by a happy carelessness, a bounding elasticity of spirit, and a singular felicity of expression, simple yet inimitable; he is familiar yet dignified, careless, yet correct, and concise, yet clear and full. All this and much more is embodied in the language of humble life—a dialect reckoned barbarous by scholars, but which, coming from the life of inspiration, becomes classic and elevated.

There is none of the British poets whose writings possess such an ambrosial air and rustic simplicity commingled with the most beautiful creations of fancy, and which go so directly to the heart and make such an indellible impression as the writings of Scotia's favored bard. There is no poet, of whose works we possess any knowledge, and inspiration sprung so directly from Nature, or who reflected Nature more beautifully and truthfully, than the farmer-poet of Mossgiel. We know not of a poet whose plaintive songs sway the heart more effectually, or which more correctly shadow forth the "longing, strivings, yearnings" of the melancholy mind, and cause the sympathetic tear to flow so freely and naturally, than ROBERT BURNS. Nor know we of a poet whose wit is more keen, genuine, original, sparkling, spontaneous; whose sarcasm is more cutting and severe; whose irony is more galling and powerful; whose mirth is more provoking, pointed and irresistable; whose songs are more rare, rich and melodious; whose conceptions are more pointed and forcible; and whose ridicule is more withering and to be dreaded, than that of the author of "Highland Mary."

BURNS was a child of nature; and most tenderly and affectionately he loved and revered his maternal parent. "The proper study of mankind is man," sang Alexander Pope, in a rapturous strain, and which has been echoed by innumerable lesser luminaries; but the proper study of mankind is nature, says our poet; and how much more sublime and comprehensive is his theme. Not only did he study and portray man, but he studied and pictured, in undying colors, the green hills and verdant vales of his own sea-girt isle. He loved to study nature, and up through nature worship nature's God. Though wild and reckless in youth; though guilty of several serious youthful indiscretions and moral derelictions, he was not a bad man. He had one of the tenderest hearts and most magnanimous souls that was ever encased in human kind. He loved with all the passionate vehemence of an ardent temperament and a most affectionate heart; and no poet that ever wrote has drawn more exquisite illustrations of the human affections; such scenes of Platonic love and constancy; such pictures, so full of domestic happiness, and such transports of human felicity. Possessed of an ardent temperament and a disposition strikingly amatory, and being strongly inclined to "tempt the illicit rove" "regardless of consequences," he was fully competent to the task of drawing the most striking and vivid pictures of love, and the workings of the affections. He wrote from observation and experience as well as from inspiration; and many of his poems and songs are scarcely more than transcripts of brief episodes in his own eventful career.

Born in a rude clime, among a rude people, he drew his inspiration from the diamond drops of dew that clung to the grass blades, the sparkling rills, the flowing streams, the rolling rivers, the surging sea, the delightful valleys and the majestic hills, from the great heart of Nature herself; and never was he so happy as when reposing upon her broad bosom with her heart beating against and in unison with his own. He loved nature, O how dearly; and the rude peasantry, children, like himself of his great parent, Nature, he loved them, too, and deeply sympathized with them and deprecated their wrongs. And we will quote his own words on this point, from "The Brigs of Ayr."

> "The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough,
> Learning his tuneful trade from ev'ry bough;
> The chanting linnet, or the mellow thrush,
> Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green thorn bush;
> The soaring lark, the perching red-breast shrill,
> Or deep-ton'd plovers, gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill;
> Shall he, nurst in the peasant's lowly shed,
> To hardy independence bravely bred,
> By early poverty to hardship steel'd,
> And trained to arms in stern misfortune's field,
> Shall he be guilty of their hireling crimes,
> The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes?
> Or labour hard the panegyric close,
> With all the venal soul of dedicating prose?
> No! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
> And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
> He glows with all the spirit of the Bard,
> Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward!
> Still, if some patron's gen'rous care he trace,
> Skill'd in the secret to bestow with grace;
> When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
> And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
> With heartfult throes his grateful bosom swells,
> The god-like bliss, to give, alone excels."

"BURNS, while he was writing his poems, was a laboring husbandman on the little farm of Massgiel, a pursuit which affords but few leisure hours for either reading or pondering; but to him the stubble-field was musing-ground and the walk behind the plough, a twilight saunter on Parnassus. As, with a careful hand and steady eye he guided his horses, and saw an evenly furrow turned up by the shore, his thoughts were on other themes; he was straying in haunted glens, where spirits have power—looking, in fancy, on the lasses "skelping barefoot," in silks and in scarlets, to a field-preaching—walking in imagination with the rosy widow, who on Halloween ventured to dip her left sleeve in the burn, where three laird's lands met—making the "bottle clunk," with joyous smugglers, on a lucky run of gin or brandy—or if his thoughts at all approached his acts—he was moralizing on the daisy oppressed by the furrow which his own plough share had turned." That his thoughts were thus wandering is attested by the whole course of his poetry as well as by his own assertion.

His most exquisite songs are sung in commemoration of some love amour with some rustic maiden, or in praise of some of his female friends. He sung the songs of his fellow plebians in strains of undying sweetness, and which will echo and re-echo from hill to hill in his native clime while time shall continue. He sprung from the humble walks of life, and he never forgot that fact even when at the height of his fame. His was a heart not easily to be corrupted, his was a mind not easily led astray or betrayed.

We love the poetry of BURNS; and we love to read it over and over again, because there is so much in it that appeals to the heart and moves the soul. It is the language of a deep inspiration; of a struggling and striving genius; of a neglected and lacerated heart, buoyed up, alone, by the spirit of poesy, which ever haunted him;—it is (now) the wailing of a disconsolate and (now) a happy and joyous lover, uttered in that impressive tone and modesty, simple language which conveys the image in all its perfection and stamps it ineffaceably upon the mind. It always furnishes food for reflection, a theme for the contemplative mind to dwell upon and revel in. It echoes the sighs of the winds, the melancholy moans of the ever-restless sea, the songs of the joyous birds, and the fragrance of many flowers. All nature is here represented, and in its state of primevel purity. Nothing that God ever created and set his seal upon, was too mean or too lowly for him to look upon, and everything that attracted his eye and interested his mind,—from the little "Daisy" on the mountain heather, turned down by his plough, to that great physical phenomena of nature which fill the mind with awe by their vastness and awful sublimity, is rendered immortal by his ready pen. Thus the names of many persons the world had else never known are rendered famous simply because they received his notice or friendship. They done him some kindly deed and he rewarded them with a song that has handed their names down to posterity. But, poor BURNS! how the blood courses through our veins as we read of the neglected manner in which he—he the brightest genius of his day—died. But such is ever the lot of genius to toil, strive, beg, starve and die in penury and obscurity. The generation in which a great man lives knows not how to prize him, until he has gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns.

But why should we dwell upon the merits of BURNS' poetry? Time, with his slow unerring finger has recorded the verdict of appreciating millions, and has written his name high on the scrole of earth's gifted children; posterity has assigned him an enviable place among the world's great poets. We have seen fit to commence our series of notes on the poets with BURNS, because no other poet has approached his standard. He stands alone as a pastoral poet and song-writer, and occupies a nitche in the Temple of Fame by himself. While our language remains; while man retains a love for the beautiful, the good the true, in literature, the poetical works of ROBERT BURNS will remain one of the brightest ornaments that the world's literature affords. But we cannot say as much for his prose; but very little of which is above mediocrity. The reason of this is embraced in the fact that he was a poet, and saw only the poetical side of every thing he observed. His letters, of which all that are worthy of preservation are embraced in this goodly volume, are richly worthy of perusal, and are interspersed with many beautiful thoughts.

We have not deemed it necessary to advert to the life or history of BURNS, for the reasons that our space would not permit us to give an intelligible idea of it, and it is already familiar to most of our readers, and if it is not, they can soon acquaint themselves with it by reading the admirable memoir included in this volume, written by Allen Cunningham. And we will make a remark or two in relation to this massive octavo volume, published so handsomely and in such durable style by Messrs. PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, & Co. of Boston; and which contains the *complete* Works of ROBERT BURNS, both in verse and in prose. Every lover of good poetry *will* read BURNS, and every reader and person of taste will wish to be possessed of a good copy of his works. To all such we most earnestly commend this edition, so beautifully printed in such large clear type on such fine white paper, so nicely illustrated and so substantially and elegantly bound. It does the eye good to rest upon such a noble volume as this one now before me, in which are the life labors of one of the world's greatest poets. Fair and goodly is the casket and rich and precious are the jewels contained in it. And noble casket with its precious contents we commend to your attention, friend reader, as one of the choicest companions you can have. (Price in sheep binding $3.00.)

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

The Kansas Question—Utah Affairs—City Politics—The Revival—Murderer Sentenced—Col Benton's Funeral—Fashionable Wedding—News from China. &c., &c.

WASHINGTON, April 19, 1858.

Just as was expected, the Committee of conference on the Kansas question has been appointed. In the House, however, the Republicans and their allies made a stout resistance to receiving the overtures of the Senate. The contest resulting in a tie, the speaker's vote decided in favor of the conference. So far the Committee, owing to the indisposition of one of its prominent members, has done nothing; it is thought that before to-night some compromise will be agreed upon. In fact the people are heartily sick of the fruitless agitation of this subject, and our knowing legislators, becoming cognizant of that fact, will soon find another theme for buncombe.

By late advices from Utah it appears that matters are assuming a threatening aspect. Though there are some malcontents, yet in the main the Saints seem determined to support Brigham Young in his rebellion. Already they are endeavoring as far as possible to weaken the condition of the U. S. troops now in the territory, by cutting off their supplies, &c. If we are to believe them, it will not be long before they proceed to less equivocal hostilities. We have two volunteer companies in this city awaiting the requisition of their services for the Mormon campaign. If the Saints continue in their present warlike attitude it is probable that Utah affairs will speedily overshadow in interest the present bickering over the Lecompton constitution.

The next municipal election in this city begins to claim attention. Many fear that the riotous scenes of June last will be re-enacted. The authorities, however, will be well prepared.

On Thursday last the Democratic city convention met, and on the 20th ballot Col. I. G. Berret, our late city postmaster, was nominated for Mayor. The convention was harmonious, and little doubt is entertained of the success of its nominee.

The religious revival that has been in progress for some weeks back seems gradually dying out. The prayer meetings are now but thinly attended.

The docket of the Criminal Court for the present term shows an alarming increase of crime in our midst. Half-a-dozen cases of murder will be tried, and an unusually large number of lesser crimes. On Saturday Judge Crawford sentenced James Powers, convicted of the murder of Edward Lutz, to be hung. Powers has appealed to the Circuit Court, but the judgment against him will hardly be reversed. The funeral obsequies of Col. Benton, as far as they took place in this city, were quiet and unostentatious. The indefatigable statesman preserved his energy to the last. I understand that in the midst of pecuniary difficulties he prosecuted his Literary labors chiefly from the hope that the sale of his book would realize a sufficient sum to satisfy his creditors.

Since Mrs. Gwin's Ball, the event most talked of in fashionable society is the marriage of the daughter of Senator Toombs of Ga., to Mr. Du Bose of Memphis Tenn. The happy bride was quite a favorite here and several *fetes* have been, and will be given in her honor.

The late news from China tells us that Canton is now wholly under the control of the French and English. The redoubtable *Yeh* too, is a prisoner in their hands. It is believed that they will demand the opening of other ports besides the five now traded at. The details of the barbarities practised by *Yeh* upon the "rebels" are horrible. The Anglo-Frank Coalition is now in the ascendant and will no doubt regulate matters as they please.

ANGUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Among the Books.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Andromeda and Other Poems, by Kingsley—Robertson's Sermons—Curse of the Village, by Hendrick Conscience—The Li of Flanders, by Conscience—Sartaro, a Tale of Norway—Russell's Magazine, New Volume—Annual of Scientific Discovery—Huntington's Sermon—Count Hugo of Craenhove, by Conscience.

Rev. Charles Kingsley, well known as Essayist, Elegant Belles-Lettres writer, Novelist, and Prose worker generally, bears a no less creditable distinction as Poet. "The Saints' Tragedy" many of our readers will call pleasantly to mind, with many exquisite little pieces, among which is that sweet song The Sands of Dee. And now we have fresh from the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, Boston, as charming a little volume as the same author, or any other author, ever wrought from the dreamy, inexhaustible worlds of poetry and romance. *Andromeda, and Other Poems* is a dainty little volume (16mo.) of a hundred and eleven pages, and contains some of the sweetest poetry that Charles Kingsley has yet sung. After directing the reader's attention to the noble poem, founded on the well known mythological story, which gives the title to the book, we come to an exquisite little gem, on page 70, which we cannot resist the temptation to copy. A brilliant of equal brevity were hard to find in a day's reading; and it may awaken in the reader a desire to ramble farther in a garden where such flowers bloom:

> My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
> No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;
> Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
> For every day.
>
> Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things, *not dream them*, all day long,
> And so make life, death, and that vast forever
> One grand, sweet song.

The same publishers issue, in one volume, duodecimo, of 342 pages, *Sermons Preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton*, by the late Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., the Incumbent: Second Series; From the Fourth London Edition. This volume like the one previously published from the same eloquent divine, is edited by a brother, and contains twenty-two powerfully written and suggestive discourses, many of them among the most eloquent and logical ever delivered from a pulpit. They are calm, clear, and expository, exhibiting earnest and affectionate feeling, and a devotion to the noble work in which the reverend author was engaged. The remark of the editor is most true, that these discourses throw light on many difficulties in the Scriptures; and the criticism of the British Quarterly commands entire endorsement where the reviewer says,—"There is not a sermon in the series that does not furnish evidence of originality without extravagance, of discrimination without tediousness, and of piety without cant or conventionalism." The believer will find in the lamented deceased one whom he could have loved as a brother; the thoughtless, and especially the intellectual, will find themselves attracted by these remains, and perhaps in many cases happily convinced. It is a volume to read and never grow weary of.

In one volume, 12mo., Messrs. J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, publish three tales from the Flemish of Hendrick Conscience, comprising *The Curse of the Village, Blind Rosa, and The Happiness of being Rich*. The first tale is a very well written description of the ravages of Intemperance, the Curse of the Village—the bane of all villages in the Old World as well as the New. The sketch of Blind Rosa is one of those simple and rapid narratives in which the delicate and tender characteristics of H. Conscience are peculiarly displayed: the characters are drawn from humble life, and are arranged with skill and effect. The Happiness of being Rich is a humorous account of the discomforts and disasters of an humble and industrious family by a sudden accession of wealth and teaches the admirable moral of contentment with our lot in the world.

The Lion of Flanders, or the Battle of the Golden Spurs, is a second volume from the Flemish of Conscience, published in Baltimore by Messrs. Murphy & Co.—To readers quick at comprehending the contents of a book from its title, *The Battle of the Golden Spurs* will suggest a wonderful narrative of imaginary conflicts, bright ladies unscathed in witching smiles, gay steeds brilliantly caparisoned, (or what were the spurs for) and bold and gallant Knights jousting for Beauty's smiles, and carrying off the prize at last amid hurrahs and merriment and music. Let the reader get the book, and if he do not find the contents as we have suggested he will find something perhaps even more delightful; who knows?

Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, publish in one duodecimo volume, *Sartaroe, a Tale of Norway*, by the author of The Watchman, The Wanderer, etc. This is the work concerning which and a certain recommendatory letter from Washington Irving to the author, a spirited controversy has for some time past been waging, in which the publishers, the author, and G. P. Putnam, Irving's former publisher, have become involved. The original letter, which certainly bore strong recommendation in favor of the work, was altered and made to read most extravagantly, without the knowledge and consent of the publishers who have been hardly dealt with in the whole transaction, whether we regard the interpolation to the letter, or the meddlesome accusations of certain parties who have tried to damage their prospects in the work. We are glad that the publishers have cleared themselves of the difficulties, and we owe it to their favor for a well executed fac-simile of the genuine letter (the authenticity of which is undisputed) in which we find that the Nestor of American literati has espressed his delight over the work in the most complimentory language.

The current number of *Russell's Magazine* opens the third volume, full of promise and luxuriating in present attained excellence. The opening paper, A Navy for the South, is well written and logical, full of sound argument and suggestion. The Consulor Cities of China, and The Unpublished Revolutionary Letters complete the more seriously toned part of the contents, and are both of exceeding interest. Blase and Women are a pair of lively and brilliant little pieces which will well repay perusal; and the Anecdotes of Beranger are charming, as everything must be relating to that glorious genius and open hearted man. We warmly commend this particular article to the compiler of Leisure Readings; he will find in it an abundance of good things for the "Times." There are several charming bits of poetry in the number, with a generous review of the young poet, Howard H. Caldwell. We always turn to the Editor's table and the Review department pre-assured of an excellent entertainment; added to the usual feast this month, we find a charming paragraph, for which we are indebted to the editor in chief, Paul H. Hayne, Esq. As it is a personal matter, however, the less we say of it the more easily will our readers forgive us.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery, for 1858, by David A. Wells, with a portrait of Professor Henry D. Rogers, has just been issued by Messrs. Gould & Lincoln, Boston. It forms the ninth annual volume of this important publication, the merits of which are gradually becoming better appreciated, with the issue of each volume, both in England and this country. In no other form can so large a mass of similar important information be procured. It is a "Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art," chronicling the results of scientific investigations during the past year, inventions and improvements in the mechanic and useful arts, discoveries in every branch of science—astronomy, botany, chemistry, geology, etc., with every new fact brought to light in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms. It contains also a classified list of patents, obituaries of eminent scientific men, notes on the progress of science during the year, etc. For solid worth it is certainly one of the most valuable publications of the year.

The same publishers issue in pamphlet form a *Sermon Delivered before the Legislature of Massachusetts*, by Rev. F. D. Huntingdon, on the Christian government of nations. It is an eloquent, honest, convincing production.

The third volume in the uniform series of the works of Hendrick Conscience, publishing by Messrs. J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, comprises three tales—*Count Hugo of Craenhove, Wooden Clara, and The Village Inkeeper*. Hans Christian Anderson and Heinrich Zschokke among authors whose writings produced on the soils of that confraternity of nations in and about Germany are yet also translated for the delight of English readers, are the only two names at all to be compared with Conscience for thrilling and continued interest of plot and masterly delineation of character, if perhaps we except also Berthold Auerbach. In *Count Hugo* there are dramatic descriptions of scenes during the plague that desolated Europe during the fourteenth century, which equal in vividness the tragic details of Boccacio and De Foe.

Commutation of Sentence.

Lawrence Slaven, convicted of highway robbery at the last term of our court, and sentenced to be hung on the 30th inst., has had his sentence commuted by his Excellency Governor Allston. He is to be whipped in the jail yard, receiving 25 stripes on the 23d and 19 on the 30th inst., and be banished from the State forever.—*Col. (S. C.) Guardian.*

We have never been able to see the justice or propriety of sending criminals out of the State whose laws they have violated, and under whose social regulations they have perchance been corrupted, to prey upon others on whom they may thrust themselves in the guise of respectability. It is an outrage on the first principles of Christain brotherhood, whose teachings are that we do unto others as we would have them do unto us. It is like throwing a torch, set to burn your own house, into the premises of your neighbor, and utterly violative of those relations of social comity that should exist between States as between neighbors.

Augusta (Ga.) Despatch.

LYNCHBURG COLLEGE.—As a member of the Board of Trustees of this Institution we had the pleasure of listening to a report from the financial committee at its last meeting, and as it may be a matter of interest to many of our readers, we have concluded to give an abstract of the report. The ground and buildings in their present state, have cost about $34,000; towards this amount Lynchburg has contributed not quite $15,000, which leaves an outstanding balance against the building of nearly $20,000, this consists in loans and claims in the hands of different individuals. To free the college of this embarrassment, Capt. Harding of Northumberland, Va., and Mr. Steele, of Ala., have each contributed $5,000 upon the condition that our citizens unite in an additional subscription of not less than $5,000, about half of which we believe has been pledged.—*Virginian.*

DRUGGED LIQUORS IN GEORGIA:—The Legislature of Georgia, at its late session, passed a law providing for the appointment of inspectors by the several city authorities and inferior courts of the State, "to prevent and punish the selling and manufacture of drugged or other poisonous and deleterious liquors, spirits, and wine."

Desperate Encounter with Dogs.

Mr. Thos. Whitworth, residing in Dinwiddie county, Va., was badly bitten by his own dogs, a few days since under the following circumstances.

He was on his way to the meat house, accompanied by a servant woman, when from some cause his two large bull dogs flew at her. He returned, on hearing the cries of the woman, and succeeded in rescuing her, when she ran some distance and fell fainting to the ground. The dogs now vigorously attacked him, and for some time required all his efforts to prevent them from dragging him to the ground. His strength was fast failing him; he had nothing with which he could defend himself, and no one was near to render him assistance. A billet of wood lay upon the ground, and he thought that if he could gain sufficient time to stoop and secure it, he might be enabled to drive them off.—By a renewed effort with his feet he succeeded in forcing them back and quickly reached for the billet, but ere his finger reached it the larger dog, taking advantage of his position, seized him by the neck.

Mr. Whitworth had now given up all hopes of rescue, but with admirable presence of mind, he summoned his remaining strength, and grasping the dog by the throat succeeded in choking him off and forced him against the house, when the other dog caught him by the arm which held the former. A focible blow from the unencumberd hand caused him to release his hold, but it was only to change his attack to another quarter, and burying his teeth in Mr. W's hip, he continued to wrench and chew the flesh. In the meantime, a man working in the field, attracted by the scream of the woman, before fainting, and the continued cries of the daugter of Mr. Whitworth, who observed, from the window, the desperate situation of her father, hastened to the house and arrived at this crisis, and after a severe encounter with the smaller dog succeeded in driving him off. He then returned to the assistance of Mr. W., who still held the larger dog choking him against the house, and was directed by him to knock the dog on the head with an axe, which was accordingly done, and the dog thrown aside for dead, but he revived in the course of an hour, and went about the premises as if nothing had occurred. As may be expected, Mr. W. was assisted to the house in a deplorable condition. The following day their larger dog was shot, and it is the intention of Mr. W. to dispose of the other.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION IN NICARAGUA.—By way of San Jose, Costa Rica, we have received intelligence from Nicaragua to the 20th of March:

A fresh insurrectionary movement had occurred in that republic, which is said to be headed by General Jerez. It seems to be only another outbreak of the old feud between the aristocrats and democrast—or, more truly, the "ins" and "outs"—for principles in Nicaragua are all sham, patriotism being grandiloquently expressed while the hand is clutching the publice treasury.

Whether the Leonese will succeed in their attempts to overturn the government of Managua is doubtful; but this sudden insurrection only shows of what combustible materials, the people are composed, and how incapable they are of self government.

FOUL MURDERS:—In New Hanover county, Thursday 15th inst. Noah Lanier went into the field where Mr. Edgar Castine, his brother-in-law, was plowing, and without any provication (further than Castine had lost much money by standing Lanier's security, and when Lanier's land was sold under an execution Castine had purchased it and taken possession) told Castine he intended to kill his horse and then kill him. Castine, not supposing him to be in earnest, paid but little attention to what he (Lanier) said, and kept at his work. Shortly after the threat, Lanier fired and killed Mr. C.'s horse in the plough, and, before Mr. C. could get to him, he (Lanier) fired his second gun, the load taking effect in the side, and causing Mr. Castine's death in a few minutes. Lanier has so far, made his escape.

We learn that Mr. Castine was a very worthy young man, and his untimely death has cast a gloom over the neighborhood in which he lived.

ANOTHER.—The Claton (Ala.) Beacon of the 10th inst, says Mr. James Orr, a highly respected citizen residrng about 10 miles south east of that place, was murdered on Thursday morning last, before day, under the following circumstances. Some one went to Mr. Orr's residence about two o'clock and called him up from his bed; upon going out to see who it was he was shot dead within a few steps of his door. He was hit with four large balls, and died inscantly. Suspicion rests upon one of Mr. Orr's own negroes, and a white boy named Bayley, who was until lately in Mr. Orr's employ, and sent off for misconduct.

INUNDATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI:—Frightful consequences are likely to ensue along the lower Mississippi, which is now higher in some places than ever known before, by the accession of the combined floods from the upper rivers running from the Mississippi, which are rising from St. Paul down. The Missouri, and Illinois rivers are both high and rising, and all their tributaries at flood height. The high water is occasioned by the heavy rains which have extended throuh the whole western and northwestern country. The usual spring mountain rise has not yet taken place, and should it do so before the present flood subsides, the whole lower country doubtless will be inundated.

NEW VIRGINIA BANK:—The bill creating the Bank of the Commonwealth, to be located at Richmond, has passed both Houses of the Virginia Legislature, with a minimum capital of $200,000, and maximum capital of $2,000,000. The independent banks are authorized to subscribe twenty per cent of the capital to this new bank, which is intended to be the clearing-house of the independent banks. It is based upon a deposit of State stocks.

IRON FOR THE RAILROAD.—The first instalment of the iron purchased for the Western Railroad arrived here a few days ago. About 800 tons, of the 1,000 tons purchased, have arrived at Wilmington.

Messrs. Roberts and Hopkins, who have a contract for 40,000 cross ties, have commenced delivering them on the line of the Road. The laying will be commenced in a few days.—*Fayetteville Observer.*

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO MARKET. April 22.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Gilmer & Hendrix, Merchants, West Market.

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15@; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22@25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 50@60 Meal 50@60; Chickens 10@15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 4.00@4.50; Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18¾, crushed 18¾, clarified 16¾; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00; Wool 25@30.

WILMINGTON MARKET, April 21.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Geo. H. Kelley, Dealer in Provisions and Groceries.

Sugar, Crushed,	12½	Spirits,	50
Loaf,	12½	*Tar*,	1 60
C. Yellow,	9¼ 10	*Candles*,	23 25
A Coffee,	11¼ 12	Sperm,	50 60
Brown,	8¼ 10	Tallow,	16 18
Rio,	12½	*Cotton*,	9¼ 11
Laguayra,	13¼ 14	*Salt*, Alum,	25
Java,	18 20	Sack,	75 1.00
St. Domingo,	13	*Bacon*,	14
Molasses, by hhd.,	28	*Oates*,	50
by bbl.,	30	*Corn*,	65
Cheese,...............	12½	*Pork*,	19 20
Lard,...............	13	*Mullets*,	8.00
Flour, Family,	5.75	*Mackerel*,	9.50
Super.	5.50	*Rice*,	3.50
Spts. Terpentine,	2 75	*Meal*,	75
Hard,	1.65	*Peas*,	1.25

NORFOLK MARKET, April 19

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchants.

Flour, Family,	6.25a	*Flaxseed*,	1.00 a
Extra	5.75a0.00	*Beeswax*,	a26
Superfine	5.25a	*Dried Apples*, ℔ bu. of 28lbs	1.50a1.75
Corn, Mixed & W.	67a68	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ℔ bu	None.
Yellow	a75	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	a 9
Wheat, White.	No sale.	do. Sides	11a
Red	do.	N. C. & Va. Hog round,	a12½
Cotton,	10¾a11¼	*Staves*, R.O. hhd.	30 00
Peas, Black Eye	1.40	W.O. pipe.	33.00
Red & Black	1.00	do hhd.	42.00
Lard, N.C.&Va. no. 1.	13	do bbl.	18a
do do 2	12½		
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50		
do No 2.	11.00		
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.—Flour, receipts from N. Carolina fair, with a good local demand, we have no accumulation of stock.

Corn, receipts continue moderate, since our last week's report, perhaps reach 80.000 bushels, all of which has been disposed of, sales to day 15.000 bushels at prices quoted, at this time none unsold.

Cotton is in fair supply, and demand.

B. E. Peas, Flaxseed, and Beeswax, are wanted

Provisions, supply moderate, with fair demand for bbl. Pork and Western sides and shoulder bacon.

Business Cards.

SCOTT & GORRELL,
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
(SUCCESSORS TO A. STARRETT,)
CAN BE FOUND AT
Starrett's old stand, Garrett's building.
February, 1858.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
Attorney & Counsellor, at Law,
(106:1y) LOCKPORT, NIAGARA COUNTY, N. Y.

J. WOODRUFF LEWIS,
BERLIN, Conn.,
☞ AGENT at the North for the Greensboro, N. C. "Times."

A. PERRY SPERRY,
(Formerly of Greensborough, N. C.)
WITH
BELL, BROOKS, PACE & CO.,
IMPORTERS & DEALERS IN
STAPLE AND FANCY
DRY GOODS,
No. 89 *Chambers, and* 71 *Reade Street,*
1856.] NEW YORK. [2-1y

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HAVING permanently located in Greensboro, N.C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 531y

H. C. FREEMAN,
WITH
ABBOTT, JOHNS & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
STAPLE AND FANCY
SILK GOODS,
No. 153 *Market Street, Philadelphia.*
1856. 2-1y

R. M. MURCHISON,
Commission Merchant,
No. 104 WALL STREET,
NEW YORK.
USUAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGNMENTS.
(102::6m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA,
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham; White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person; W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
MANUFACTURER OF MONUMENTS,
Tombs, Head-Stones, &c.,
AT REDUCED PRICES,
4 doors North of the court house,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

JACOB T. BROWN
Attorney at Law,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,
☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

MANTUA-MAKING.
MRS. CRITTENDEN & SISTER are now prepared to do all kinds of work, connected with the Mantua-making business, in the latest and best style. They are also prepared to make, trim, and bleach Bonnets. A trial is all that is asked to warrant entire satisfaction. Residence on Greene street, opposite the Old Factory.
Jan. 15, 1858. (105.1y)

SCOTT & GORRELL,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FRUITS, CANDIES, PRESERVES, PICKLES,
Nuts, Perfumery, Segars, Snuff, Fancy Articles, etc., Garrett's new brick building,
GREENSBORO, N. C.
☞ Photographic Gallery on second floor ☜
1858. 119 1y

TAKE NOTICE THIS IS THE LAST CALL.—All those indebted to me by note or account will please call and pay by the first of May, as longer indulgence cannot be given.
All those having claims against me will present them by the same time for liquidation.
April 20, 1858. S. ARCHER.

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

C. C. COLE,
J. W. ALBRIGHT. } EDITORS.

Corresponding Editors.
ROB. G. STAPLES, Portsmouth, Va.
WILLIAM R. HUNTER, South Carolina,

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Address, OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT, Greensboro' N. C.

FREE MEDICAL LECTURES:—We refer our readers, and especially such young men as intend following the Medical profession, to the advertisement of the GRÆFENBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE, found on this page. It contains a proposition for young men of limited means; and will be worth a consideration from all. We should encourage Southern Institutions.

BISHOP PIERCE:—We are most highly pleased to learn that Bishop Pierce, the most eloquent divine in all the Southern states, has accepted an invitation to preach the annual sermon before the graduating class of Normal College, at its next annual commencement, the 23rd June.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING:—One day last week while a negro boy at High Point, was feeding two horses, tied under a small sapling, a small cloud came over the place and a discharge of electricity struck the tree, running off on a limb, struck and instantly killed one of the horses. The boy had his hand upon the horse and was knocked down and remained insensible for some time. His arm is much burnt. The other horse was thrown down, but not seriously injured. Upon the dead horse, there was not a single mark of the electricity.

THE REVIVAL.—The revival continues with increased interest. In the two churches, a prayer meeting and preaching are had daily, and in the Young Men's Hall, a union prayer meeting is had daily. On Tuesday it was conducted by three ministers, representing as many denominations, and much feeling is exhibited by those present. Being court week, many attend from the country, and unite heartily with the town.

Rev. Mr. Smythe, the Presbyterian Pastor, we believe has had no visiting pastor to aid him in his arduous labors, but he continues the work with much earnestness and success.

Rev. Mr. Burkhead, the Methodist minister, has just recovered from a protracted and dangerous sickness, but he labors with the zeal of perfect health. He is aided, however, by Rev. Mr. Barringer, College Agent who has recently located in this place, and by Dr. Doub. We understand that Dr. Deems is also expected to preach on Friday night, and Rev. N. F. Reid on Sunday night.

High Point.

Pressed with some other business, we neglected to notice in last week's issue a very pleasant trip, the Saturday before to High Point, the occasion being the organization of a new Division of the Sons of Temperance. Prof. Sterling, P. G. W. P., in company with some half dozen others from Greensboro Division, meet quite a large number of petitioners in a hall prepared for the purpose, and proceeded to organize the new Division.

The citizens of High Point taking advantage of the occasion, we were delighted with an able address from Prof. Sterling, delivered in the Chapel of High Point Female Normal School. The address, like others we have heard before, was delivered with much animation, and showed with what worthy zeal the speaker was prosecuting the work in the Temperance cause. His head and his heart are in the work and his labors are abundant in good. We learn that the Division is working well, and initiating new condidates weekly. Not a liquor shop can be found in the place!

We were pleased to see the prosperity attending the efforts of Rev. W. I. Langdon in establishing his Female Normal School. Though it had been in operation but a few weeks, there were over 40 boarders in school, besides the day scholars from the Village. May great success and good attend the efforts of the Division, the School and the enterprises of the place.

RALEIGH FEMALE SEMINARY.—We learn that the annual Commencement of Raleigh Female Seminary will take place the first week in June. Rev. N. F. Reid is to preach the sermon; and President Craven, of Normal College, delivers the Literary Address.

Hon. John A. Gilmer.

Our townsman and worthy representative in Congress, the Hon. John A. Gilmer, is on a visit this week to his family and in attandance on our Superior Court. Having been accustomed to severe professional duties all his life, we are glad to see his heavy labors in Congress still agreeing with his physical constitution which gives signs of yet many years to labor for the good of his country.

And *en passant*, we have just read Mr. Gilmer's speech on the admission of Kansas. And not having on *party* goggles, we were somewhat surprised, (not much, for we know the man too well personally) at the utter want of a foundation upon which to build a tower from whence so many shafts are hurled at him from the opposition. Mr. Gilmer's address is true to his nature—Conservative, patriotic and liberal. He concedes rights, even to an enemy. But it is from these *sectional* representatives, those that can see nothing good in anything which is not exclusively *their own*, that this Union has reason for fears. Hence we the more readily appreciate Mr Gilmer's liberal views of the Union, the *Whole* Union. As an illustration of the evil tendencies of sectional legislation, and of the position occupied by Mr Gilmer, we give a short extract from the introductory of his address. If it can be read as we read it, without *party prejudice*, we conceive that the reader's verdict will be like ours:—

MR. CHAIRMAN: I have been an attentive listener to the argument on this Lecompton question for three months. Whilst some of the speeches have been calm and considerate, I feel constrained to say that by far the larger number have been violent and extremely sectional, tending directly to weaken the respect which the North and the South should have for each other, and which is essential to the safety of the Union itself. I have heard and read speeches delivered both in this House, and in the other end of this Capitol, by gentlemen from the *North* and from the *South*, the true spirit and meaning of which is *disunion*.

True, most, if not all, *profess* to love the Union and the Constitution. Their speeches are filled with expressions of high veneration for the Constitution of our fathers. Their addresses are robed in the most beautiful habiliments, overflowing with professions and assurances most imposing. The spirit of *disunion* is, however, the core. It is presented, and perusal and handling secured, as you would an *asp* in a casket of beautiful flowers. The *design* is evidently to infuse the poisonous spirit of disunion where *for it*, there could be no *reception*, were proper *labels* attached. Professions of patriotism are uttered in loud and eloquent tones for peace and harmony, whilst the evident drift is to exasperate and make wider the *breach*.

With pain and regret am I forced to the belief there are gentlemen on this floor who, while they oppose the admission of Kansas with the Lecompton constitution, do really desire the bill to pass for the sake of certain consequences, disastrous to the peace and harmony of the country, which they expect to grow out of it.

On the other hand, I fear that, among other gentlemen advocating this measure, there are some whose regret is that the Lecompton constitution and the manner of securing its presentation here, were not more odious to the people of Kansas and the free States so that their ultimate object might be the sooner secured by a bloody conflict of northern and southern arms on the plains of Kansas, and, in case of a failure in this, such bitter sectional excitement shall certainly ensue as to produce a fusion of all political parties in the free States, combined as a purely sectional party, against a similar fusion of all parties in the slave States, by which disunion is made certain in the end. These speeches I will not particularize. They have unfortunately gone forth to the country—those of the North to be read in the South that they there may have samples of how northern people hate and despise southern men, and those of the South to be read in the North that they may know how they are scorned and detested by the citizens of the South.

The designs and purposes of both sides, it is to be feard, are the same—to arouse, drill, and prepare for strife the minds of a great people now happy, with bright prospects for the future; and who by their united energies in advancing the industrial and literary pursuits of the whole country, are doing much more for the true happiness and prosperity of us all.

Without intending to be offensive or personal, I must be permitted to say, I envy not the man who can look on our country *as it is*, and, with composure, anticipate its condition when *severed* and *divided*. The man who can contemplate that *terrible* day, when, by reason of civil war, our beautiful and growing cities, towns, and villages shall be consumed by fire; our manufactories razed to the ground; our commerce broken up; our lovely fields and gardens made the foraging grounds for ribaldrous soldiery; all international trade and communication cut off; all municipal and family peace destroyed; our sons dragged from their homes, amid the sighs and tears of affectionate mothers and sisters, to bloody fields of civil strife; and all this growing out of a question as to how, when, or in what manner forty thousand people, ONLY, in Kansas shall settle for themselves their own domestic affairs; or rather, how they shall *soonest* get clear of a few slaves—and get two "*Free Soil*" Senators and one Representative in Congress; I say, such a man has *no* feeling in common with *me*, and *none*, I trust, with the great body of the honest yeomanry of this country, of *all* sections.

MR. EVERETT.—This gentleman reached Charleston on Saturday last, where he found letters awaiting him, from home, which has obliged him to publish the following card:

The subscriber, having, this day received letters from his family, which again makes it necessary for him to return home, begs leave, in this way, to express, to the public bodies and Committees, which have honored him with invitations to repeat his address "on the Character of Washington," his deep regret that he is obliged a second time to postpone the fulfilment of his engagements.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Charleston, S. C., April 10, 1858.

Leisure Readings;

OR

A few of the best things

WE FIND IN

Books, Reviews, Magazines, and Papers.

In gleaning from our *leisure reading*, we have collected a rich sheaf, which we deem especially appropriate and in good season for our readers. We hope it may produce a spirit of reflection and be as seed sown in good ground, producing an abundant harvest. Truly *now* is the set time for turning away from our sins, coming unto an offended God and seeking a reconciliation. Though God be the offended party, yet his great goodness, and his unwillingness to consign a single creature to a place of wo eternal, prompt him to sue for a reconciliation and plead with sinful man to become reconciled through the efficacy of the atoning blood of Christ, who has died that he might live. How utterly insensible must be that man to the feeling of gratitude, who can refuse so great an overture of mercy. The Rev. J. L. Burrows, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Richmond, Virginia, recently delivered an impressive discourse from the text: "Let favors be shown, yet you will not learn righteousness," which forcibly illustrates the

Ingratitude of the Wicked.

He commenced by relating a circumstance, illustrative of the power of kindness: A child had been stolen by a party of gypsies and one of the number, who was suspected of being the kidnapper, was seized, punished and tortured, by the populace, with the view of extorting a confession from him. But all was unavailing, and while the gypsy was lying in anguish, in a dungeon, the mother of the stolen child ministered to him, and relieved his sufferings. In return for this generous kindness, the gypsy, whose heart was filled with gratitude, gave such information to the distressed mother, as enabled her to regain the lost child. The moral of this story was, that kindness would effect more than severity. This was often exemplified in the family circle. A child disposed to sin grows harder and harder under the severe discipline of the father, but the mother's tenderness conquers and leads him to repentance. Even brutes may be won by acts of kindness, by favors shown, and will manifest their gratitude. Yet, there were men whose hearts would not be softened by favors shown to them; there was one man *then present* who had been the recipient of numerous favors, and had never experienced one emotion of gratitude to the giver, or returned one expression of thanks to the beneficent donor. "If he was pointed out, would not all eyes be turned toward him? Would he not be regarded as a degraded wretch? Yet, this man had not only failed to show gratitude to his benefactor, but scorned and abused him.—Would you not say that he was unworthy to live in honorable society; that he should be driven out from your midst? Oh, if there were only one! But, this ingratitude was not confined to a single individual; it was shared by many present. Was it any less mean, vile and execrable because many are guilty of it? If it is wicked and detestable in one, it is equally so with all. We shall be condemned, not in masses, not in communities but one by one."

The text says "favors are shown to the wicked." Some seem to think that they have a sort of right to these "favors,"—they have been so long enjoyed; and when temporarily deprived of them, they complain as if they had been robbed of something that belonged to them by right. But these "favors" were not secured by any wisdom or foresight of their own. What have they done to procure the blessed sunlight, to bring rain, to give fertility to the soil, etc? If these were taken away, who, upon earth, could restore them? They were "favors" by a hand higher than their own. But they will say, these favors are common. They are common, but are none the less favors. Dr. B. continued for some time to speak of the "favors" which the Almighty had showered upon the human family. Was it not a favor, he asked, which many present enjoyed, to be reared by upright parents, who sought to lead them in the way to salvation? "Was the Bibe not a favor? Are its precepts and warnings enforced by the ambassadors of God, no favors? Would you be deprived of them, and be content to go away to-night, and never hear them more?"

The speaker, then, in the most impressive manner, referred to to the "greatest of all gifts"—the gilt of God's only Son, who was sent into the world to secure the redemption of those who were content to abide by His precepts. God had also sent the gift of the Holy Spirit. "These and more than these he has bestowed upon you. yet you will not learn righteousness."—By all methods, God shows favors to the "just and unjust," but, most wonderful, that He should show "favors to the wicked among men. Their salvation was not essential to His glory. Why should He be so solicitous of their eternal welfare if they will work out their own ruin? How wonderful, then, that He should load them with blessings. To show favors to the wicked is a benevolence of which none but God is capable. Would any one who did not have the spirit of a devil in him return ingratitude for all these favors, and more, which God has put in use to induce love toward Him, and righteousness? They are all to win us in submission to His will."

We learn from this, said Dr. B., that God has done *all* He can for the salvation of man. He cannot go farther. He has lavished favors upon his creatures, yet they will not learn salvation. Some of you will say: "We might be won by love and gentleness, but can't be won by fear; this 'fire and brimstone' preaching will not affect us, but love might bring us to God." The Most High has always endeavored to win you by love, but your hearts have not been touched. Will you come now?

And that religion is not intended only for the dying man, the man who is done with the world and is just stepping from the shore of time into eternity, but that it is profitable for this life in every phase of society in the performance of every duty to ourself or our country, is forcibly illustrated by an article headed

A Fighting Preacher.

When our revolutionary war first broke out, and Congress called upon the several States to furnish regular regiments for the Continental line, Peter Muhlenburg a pastor of the Tenth Legion, mounted his pulpit one fine morning, told his congregation he was going to the wars, and exhorted as many of them as could raise the pluck to follow his example. His words took like fire—a regiment was soon raised—and Peter himself was appointed Colonel. Never was there a better choice.—Peter fought even better than he prayed. His regiment was everywhere, where hard knocks were going on—at Trenton, at Princeton, at Brandywine, at Germantown, at Monmouth, at Yorktown, and Peter was always at the head of his regiment. So prominent was he upon such occasions, that with some of his admirers he obtained the name of Devil Pete, while by the army generally he was known as the "Fighting Parson." His skill seems to have been equal to his gallantry, for in a short time he became a General, and was one among the most highly esteemed of Washington's officers. He was a striking example of the fact, that a man makes none the worse soldier for serving his Creator with fidelity.

Gen. Havelock seems to have been a man of very much the same build of Gen. Muhlenburg. He was one of the genuine, old school, Cromwellian breed—a real "fear the Lord and keep your powder dry" generation. He preached to his men—he prayed with them—and even baptized them. On one occasion he was court-martialed for this offence. An inquiry into the state of his regiment proved so satisfactory, that the Governor Geneal said he wished he would baptize the whole army. Now, the exploits of this man and his little force are absolutely marvelous. He has shown all the qualities of a great officer—one worthy to take his place by the side of Wellington and Marlborough. They have shown all the qualities of the best and bravest soldiers. They fough six battles in six days, each time against odds of ten to one, and were victorious every time.—They marched through a swarm of foes, fighting at every step, in the burning climate of India, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles a day. They entered the city they were sent to relieve, and were immediately surrounded, and shut in, by twenty times their number. Nothing daunted, they held on for months, fighting and victorious every day, and living upon a few ounces of rice, without any of the usual suppiies of European soldiers. At last they were relieved, and the old parson had the glory and satisfaction of having by his indomitable bravery, perseverance and skill, saved the lives of hundreds of his countrymen! We cannot think of these things—of the old man's simplicity, his modesty, and his great exploits, without feeling a disposition to throw up our hats, and shout loud and long for the brave old "Baptist Preacher."

The exploits of Havelock and his men, dissipate the idea long entertained in England, and openly avowed by a former Ministry, that the more profligate the army, the better the soldiers. It is our firm belief that honesty, and morality, and above all, *religion*, are essential to man in performance of earthly duty, even the duty of a soldier; and hereafter, if we ever hear a man dispute this point, we shall point to fighting old Havelock, and his glorious regiment of true blue Baptist, in support of our opinion. Depend upon it, a soldier does not fight the worse for commending his soul to his Maker if he fall.

In proof of this position, a case in point is just at hand. We gather it from a source widely different from the above, but it meets the position in full, and is a forcible illustration. It is

A Story of the Battle Field.

A soldier was wounded in one of the battles of the Crimea, and was carried out of the field; he felt that his wound was mortal; that life was quickly ebbing away; and he said to his comrades who were carrying him:

"Put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after, an officer saw the man weltering in his blood, and asked him if he could do any thing for him.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends you can write to. But there is one thing for which I would be much obliged; in my knapsack you will find a Testament—will you open it at the 14th of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Thank you, sir," said the dying man; "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I want no more," and instantly expired.

We will bind our sheaf with a few serious

Reflections.

> "There in love's unclouded reign,
> Sever'd friends shall meet again."

Have you ever, amid the noise and bustle, the strife and discord of life, paused to think of the life beyond,—of the spirit land, where those we have loved and lost are mingling in harmony forever? Even to those most blest, whose lives seem to the outer world free from all that would embitter or distress, there are seasons when the immortal spirit would gladly divest itself of its shackles—would soar away from its prison house, and seek after its native home. Reader, are you young, buoyant, gladsome? Does the future look like one brilliant panorama spread out before you? Even you have felt that this is not your abiding place. There are moments in every life when earthly pleasures fail to satisfy—that "longing after immortality" will be felt—the divinity within us will assert its right. Are you old enough to have lost the fresh hopes of youth?—Have you seen those you loved,—in whom you had centered all your hopes,—with whom you have passed the bright hours of childhood and the maturer years of manhood together,—have you seen them scattered "like leaves in wintry weather?"—Do the clouds of the valley lie over forms once pressed to your bosom with rapture and gladness? You have felt that "this world can never give the bliss for which we sigh," and even now would lie down beside them and be at peace. We are not of those who believe that earth gives no happiness. We have felt that there are hours of pure hallowed joy in the affection of friends and kindred,—the endearments of home,—the peace and love of hearts in unison; but we have seen those we love,—whom we would not suffer the "winds of Heaven to visit to roughly,"—pass away from our sight forever. The soft eyes have closed for the last time,—the gentle sigh has wafted the bright spirit to its God; and we have felt that somewhere beyond this mortal ken there was a world where death could never enter. There is a home for the weary,—there is a balm for the broken-hearted.—there is joy for the afflicted. Look away from this present life; it is short at best. We, too, will soon be gone to join the lost, the loved, and be forever where love is not broken by death, nor friendship withered by distrust.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE:—Our New York letter of 15th inst. comes in just as we are going to press and we have room for the following:

Mayor Tieman has broken up one lottery concern, and in two weeks time, received through the mails directed to it, $8000 cash; and several others of smaller import, and this week he cleaned out a vile print shop in Nassau-street, all of which advertised under fictitious names—and appealed to the country—with success. Winter is now "lingering in the lap of Spring;" cold and wet for three days past; the rain was much needed in the country. At Albany, the seat of all corruption, the Broadway Railroad Bill has been (for a wonder) killed off; the Legislature draws to a close, at least of its pay days, (which are one hundred,) and has done but little for public good. The attempt to pass a registry law and to repeal the Metropolitan Police Bill have both fallen through. The Spring Trade is pretty well over, and has been as good as was generally expected.—Business in all the manufacturing departments begins to move—but very slowly—yet it is rising, and by Fall, things will wear their usual appearance, or I am deceived in coming events, from present appearances. A witness in a Brooklyn Court has just testified to having drank in one day, *seven and a half gallons of "Lager Beer;"* this of course settled the question with all who *believed him*, as to whether "lager" would intoxicate. The Jury decided with the witness, that the *moderate use* of it was not injurious.

Dr Hawkes leaves in a few days for N. C. to finish his second volume of history.

Terrible Gale at Auburn, Ala.,

A terrible storm of rain and wind passed over Auburn, Ala., on Sunday last, destroying property to a great extent. A correspondent of the Montgomery *Mail* thus describes it:

The wind commenced blowing stiffly about four o'clock. It increased in power and in wildness, tearing the young twigs from the trees and strewing the streets with leaves. In the North was seen an almost continuous stream of the most vivid lightning, accompanied with terrific peals of thunder. The storm broke in its fury over our village at about half past four. It continued but a few minutes at a maximum, and gradually subsided. But during these few moments, much of the beauty of our town was destroyed forever, while several houses were badly injured, and palings and fences levelled to the ground. Four or five of the principal stores had their front parapet walls blown down, including among others the Drug Store occupied by Mr. Geo. Dixon, and the Grocery Store of Mr. Thomas Slaton.—The dwelling house of Mr. Philpot, formerly a resident of your city, was completely unroofed; his kitchen blown down and fences destroyed. The piazza of the old Hotel, now occupied by M. Geo. Foster, was torn entirely away.—Large flakes of tin, from the roof of the Male College, which had not been fastened down, were scattered over the steerts. The steeple of the Bapist Church was blown down. A large oak tree fell across a corner of the Male Academy, smashing it badly. Several of our large oaks were blown up, while the number of the shade trees and smaller oaks that lie scattered in every direction is beyond estimation. Numbers of stables and other out houses were destroyed. Yet, in the midst of it all, we ought to be thankful that no person was injured seriously. How so many could escape unhurt is indeed wonderful. The storm confined itself to a very narrow strip, not pehaps more than a half mile. It came from a Southwesterdly direction.

The news from Europe.

The steamer Africa has arrived at Sandy Hook, from Liverpool, with dates to the 3rd instant.

The Atlantic cable was being taken on board the Niagara and Agamemnon very rapidly, and the operation would be finished about the 10th of may. Some further deep sea soundings and experiments are deemed necessary before laying the cable is commenced; but the company have yet seen no cause to doubt the ultimate success of the enterprise.

The relations between France and Switzerland continue in an unsatisfactory state, and give rise to considerable uneasiness in diplomatic circles.

Spain continues to send reinforcements into the Gulf of Mexico, and new measures for the public safety were organized at Madrid.

The Ottoman Porte is said to have rejected the demand of France for the authorization of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Suez.

The Russian journal *Le Nord* says that vast military preperations are going on in Marseilles, Toulan, and other principal French ports. It likewise alludes to Pelissier's nomination as Minister to England, and remarks that, although from his former intercourse with Englishmen in the Crimea it may be construed as a friendly compliment, it also may warrant the inference that any negotiations he may be intrusted with are intended to be decisive, and that he is probably charged especially to see if England intends to do anything toward satisfying the French demands on the refugee question.

The Paris *Patrie* has a violent article insisting that the British occupation of the island of Perim, in the Red Sea, should forthwith be resisted.

The next arrival from India is expected to announce the fall of Lucknow.

PASSES TO SLAVES.—Judge O'Neall, in a recent case at Chester (South Carolina) Court, brought by the owner of a slave against a captain of patrol, for twice whipping a slave with a monthly pass, decided that an owner has a legal right to give his slave a pass for a definite time specified. The jury found for the plaintiff fifty dollars for each offence by the defendant.

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR OLD BOY PREACHER.—The St. Louis Democrat says of young Mr. Fuller, who is called the "Boy Preacher," who is aged but seventeen years, that he has, within the last five weeks, delivered in Marion county fifty-four sermons, and been instrumental in the conversion of one hundred and forty-four persons. He has been licensed to preach only about two months, during which time he has delivered upwards of fifty discourses, and two hundred and forty have been converted through his instrumentality. It is said that he never studies his sermons or makes any notes, and frequently does not select his text until he rises up in the pulpit to preach; and yet, it is said, no two of his discourses are alike, neither in point of argument or composition. He speaks most eloquently, and uses the most chaste and beautiful language. Calls to preech at various points are daily pouring in upon him.

PETER JEFFERSON'S GREAT STRENGTH.—Peter Jefferson's *physique* is described by Mr. Randall as follows; in the life of his son, Thomas Jefferson.—He was a man of gigantic stature—plain, and averse to display—he was grave, taciturn, slow to make, and not over prompt to accept advances. He was one of those calmly and almost sternly self-relying men, who lean on none—who desire help from none. And he certainly had both muscles and mind which could be trusted! He could simultaneously "head up"—raise from their sides to an upright position—two hogsheads of tobacco, weighing nearly a thousand pounds apiece! He once directed three able-bodied slaves to pull down a ruinous shed by means of a rope. After they had again and again made the effort, he bade them stand aside, seized the rope and dragged down the structure in an instant. Traditions have come down of his continuing his lines as a surveyor through savage wildernesses, after his assistants had given out from famine and fatigue, subsisting on the raw flesh of game, and even of his carrying mules, when other food failed.

PASSPORTS TO MEN OF COLOR.—Senator Wilson recently applied to the State Department for a passport for D. J. S. Rock. a colored citizen of Boston, and received the following reply from the Secretary.:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, Washington, April 2.—*To the Hon. Henry Wilson, Senate Chamber:*

SIR: I have had the honor to recieve your note of yesterday, with its accompaniments.

In reply, I have to inform you that it is not the practice of the Department to issue any other paper than passports to persons going abroad from this country. A passport, being a certificate of citizenship, has never, since the foundation of the Government, been granted to persons of color. No change in this respect has taken place in consequence of the decision of the Dred Scott case. Returning the enclosure of your letter, I have the honor to be, sir, Your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS.

DR. CLINCH, member of Parliament, died in Toronto, Canada, on the 5th inst. He was seated at the table writing a letter, and had apparently dropped his pen in the middle of a word, and expired, with his head dropped upon his hand.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.—The Democratic State Convention assembled in Charlotte last week, and at the first ballot, nominated for Governor, Hon. John W. Ellis, of Rowan.

VALEDICTORY SERMON.—We learn that Rev. C. F. Deems, D. D., has been invited to deliver the Valedictory Sermon before the senior class of our University at the Commencement in June next.

PRIVATE CORNER.

We only have room to announce two Stories by R. G. Staples; another installment of "Notes" by Geo. W. Cothran, the review of a prose author, by way of variety, and a promise to furnish the reader with a review weekly; Random thoughts, by a Student; poems by Willis Maclay, Hiawatha and Heloise; (Why did Heloise not confide her name to our keeping?)

CANDIDATE.

☞ WE are authorized to announce Col. JOSEPH A. HOUSTON, as a candidate for the Office of Sheriff for the County of Guilford.

MARRIED,

In this place on Thursday evening the 15th inst., by the Rev. N. H. D. Wilson, Dr. ALGERNON S. PORTER, to Miss MARY V. SWAIM, daughter of the late William Swaim Esqr.

DIED.

At his residence in Granville County, N. C., on Wednesday 14th inst., JOHN WEBB, in his 81st year. He left an aged widow and large circle of children and friends to mourn his loss, but their loss, is his eternal gain. he was ready and waiting for the messenger of death, trusting in the merits of a crucified Saviour for his salvation. He was concious that his end was approaching, and after bidding the writer farewell folded his hands across his breast and gently breathed his last as one falling asleep.

B. L. C.

At Anderson Court-house S. C., on Saturday the 27th of March, HENRY L. GRIFFITH, of Rockingham County, N. C., aged 24 years 5 months and 7 days his remains were brought back to Rockingham County and buried.

His parents and brothers together with a large circle of friends are left to mourn his untimely death, and the first to break the family circle.

*** The North Carolina Standard, and Spirit of the Age will please copy.

Dyspepsia Cured by using the Oxygenated Bitters.

Portsmouth, N H, April 15, 1852 Dr. Preston.—Dear Sir: For the last four years I have been, as you are well aware, a great sufferer with Dyspepsia. Frequently, during that time I have been compelled to quit my business, and the disease had become so seated that I had given up all hopes of ever obtaining any relief The most simple food caused great distress.

I had given up in despair, until you strongly recommended the Oxygenated Bitters, and it is with a heart full of gratitude, that I now pronounce myself wholly free from all symptoms of Dyspepsia. I can eat any thing at any time sleep well, and can now enjoy the balmy air of Spring, and look upon nature with a delight that has been a stranger to me for years. To all who may be suffering from Dyspepsia, I would say, "use the Oxygenated Bitters."

WM. R. PRESTON, Druggist and Apothecary, Portsmouth, April 15, 1853.

GRÆFENBERG MEDICAL INSTITUTE. This Institution is supplied complete in appliances; Anatomical Specimens of every part of the body wet dry and with drawings truly attractive; Chemical, Surgical and Obstetrical Apparatus; good Library; Herbarium, with a fine Cabinet of Minerals.—We feel satisfied of our success and competency in imparting a thorough knowledge of the Medical Sciences, from the success and prosperity of our students, arising, no doubt, from our rigid discipline and thorough prosecution of the science.

First Branch taught is Anatomy; then Anatomy and Phisiology; then Obstetrics and Chemistry; then Surgery, Therapeutics, and Institutes, and Practice of Medicine, together. This is certainly a more impressive and thorough mode than that of teaching all the branches together—as for instance, teaching the mode and operation of Medicine through the Nervous and Vascular system; their effects upon the various organs and their application to certain diseases, without a knowledge of the structure and functions, and morbid condition of parts, is a source, of much confusion and embarrassment to students in the prosecution of the science.

Our examinations are public and thorough, and have been eulogized more than all of the schools; and our classes will answer as many questions as one half of the candidates for graduation in the United States, at our annual examinations. Besides, they are taught to read the Bible, and not to swear, gamble, or drink ardent spirits. We want none but amiable, good young men, who will deport themselves well.

Our examinations will come off in March from the 20th to the 24th.

The Winter Sessions will open the 1st of November and terminate the 22d of March.

TUITION, $100; Diploma Fee and Honor, $25; Board, washing and lodging, $14 per month.

One Winter course eligible to graduate.

Full and complete instructions on all branches as taught in other institutions. Strict system of study and discipline; profanity, gambling and drinking of ardent spirit positively prohibited. Text-Books most approved by Medical Colleges.

The SUMMER SESSION, of 1858, will open the 10th of April and terminate the 20th of August. Students attending one course, in any other Medical School, will be eligible to graduate the Summer course.

TUITION, $60; Diploma Fee and Honor $25; Matriculation, $5; Board and lodging $12½.

The Diploma of this Institution, entitles the possessor to every advantage in the practice of Medicine, that is granted by any Medical College in the United States, as set forth in its charter.

PROPOSITION—Winter course of 1858 to Students from North Carolina, from 6 up to 9 can receive their Tuition Matriculation Diploma Fee, Honor, Board, Lodging and Fires for $185 each student: 10 and upwards, $180 each. Any county sending three, Tuition of one good poor young man *gratis*, recommended by any respectable officer of the County, Their examination will be published by some of the papers of the State. Address,

PROF. J. F. SHEPARD, Dean,
Græfenberg, 1 mile from Dadeville, Tallapoosa co., Ala.] 112—5m

CATALOGUE OF
FRESH GARDEN SEEDS,
warranted the growth of 1857, just received and for sale at the Drug Store by W. C. Porter.

Asparagus.
Giant,
Green Globe.
Beans.
Early White Marrow,
" Valentine Speckl'd,
" Yellow Six Weeks,
" Large Wht. Kidney,
" White Cramberry,
Large Lima, or Butter.
Beets.
Best early Blood turnip
Extra " "
Early Yellow "
Long smooth drk blood
White Sugar.
Brocali.
Early White,
" Purple,
Cabbage.
Early York,
" Sugar Loaf
Wherfield flat Dutch
Large flat Dutch
Late Am. drum Head
Fine drum head Savoy
Red Dutch for pickling
Cauliflower.
Early London
Large late Asiatic
Carrot.
Long Orange
Large white Seld
Celery.
White Solid
New Silver Giant
Curled Pepper Grass
Cucumber.
Early Frame
" Russian
" Cluster
London long Green
Extra lg. green Turkey
Gherkin for pickling
Early Sugar Corn.
Egg Plant.
Early long purple
Large Purple
Lettuce.
Early curled Silesia
Early white Cabbage
Ice Head
" Cos

Mellons.
Mountain Sweet
Citron for preserving
Large Musk
Cantelope
Mustard.
White
Brown
Nastustians
Onion.
Extra early Red
Withersfield large Red
White Silver Skin
Red
Setts and Cloves
Okra.
Green and White
Parsley.
Plain or common
Curled or double
Wyatt's Garnishing
Long smooth Parsnip
Peas.
J R & Co's extra early
Extra early May
Radish.
Red Turnip Root
Long white Summer
Rhubarb.
Wyatt's Victoria
Squash.
White bush Scallop
Early bush Summer
Crook Neck
Lima Cocoanut
Sweet Potato
Tomato.
J R & Co's extra large
Red
" Yellow
Turnip.
Early flat Dutch
Long Eng Norfolk
" White flat
Sweet Herbs.
Sage
Sweet Majoram
Lavendar
Rosemary
Lemon Balm
Flower Seeds.

February, 1858. W. C. PORTER.

LOOK AT THIS! COLE & AMIS have in store and are daily receiving a large and well selected stock of new goods—Stuart's and other refiners' Letter B, C coffee, C. Yellow, Yellow Porto Rico and New Orleans Sugars, (crushed and clarified); English Island Molasses; Java, Laguira and Rio Coffees; both white and yellow; Lard (in kegs); Bacon, sides and shoulders; Fish, Rice and all kinds of Spices; Adamantine and Sperm Candles; Linseed and Tanners Oil, Camphene and Burning Fluid; Powder, Shot and Lead; Nails of all sizes; Sole and Upper Leather, Shoe-Threads—in a word, every thing connected with the grocery business.

Port, Madeira, Sherry and Malaga Wines of a superior quality; Peach, French, Blackberry and Sherry Brandies; and a fine assortment of Confectionaries. Hardware and Crockery in endless variety. Cotton cloths, and every other domestics of every grade. Phillip Allen, Bay State, Richmonds and Cocheco Prints.—Lawns and Ginghams of every quality and variety from 12½ to 25 cts. per yard.

Our facilities for obtaining goods direct from first hands, at the lowest cash prices, warrant us in saying that goods bought with cash can be sold cheaper for cash than goods sold on time, and we promise to sell goods as cheap as any similar house in the State. All orders will receive prompt and faithful attention.

Country produce taken in exchange for goods. House on West-Market Street, formerly occupied by Graham & Dunn.

April 8, 1858.

FRESH ARRIVALS.—PER Schr A J DeRosset, from New York:
25 Bags Rio Coffee, 20 Bags Laguyra do.
20 bbls C Yellow Sugar,
50 Boxes fine Adamantine Candles,
50 Half Boxes Colgates, No 1 Soap. Low for cash. GEO. H. KELLEY.
Wilmington, Feb. 11

A SUPERIOR ARTICLE OF Pure white Lead, Dry and in oil, to gether with Putty in cans and Glass assorted sizes for sale by R. N. CALDWELL.

JUST RECEIVED.
MOLASSES of the very best quality direct from New Orleans.
Feb. 23, '58 COLE & AMIS.

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy,
for Bone Fellons,
and
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

A FULL SUPPLY OF BLANKS ALways on hand.

THE TIMES

A LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Expression in Reading.

'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,—
'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.
When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,
And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,
The same soft sounds of unimpassioned woes
Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

That voice all modes of passion can express
Which marks the proper word with proper stress;
But none emphatic can the reader call
Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
Slow and deliberate as the parting toll,—
Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
Their words like stage-processions stalk along.
All affectation but creates disgust,
And even in speaking we may seem *too* just.

In vain for them the pleasing measure flows
Whose recitation runs it all to prose;
Repeating what the poet sets not down,
The verb disjoining from the friendly noun;
While pause, and break, and repetition, join
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene;
While others thunder every couplet o'er,
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone;
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze
More powerful terror to the mind conveys
Than he who, swollen with big, impetuous rage,
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He who, in earnest, studies o'er his part,
Will find true nature cling about his heart.
The modes of grief are not included all
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl;
A single look more marks the internal wo
Than all the windings of the lengthened O!
Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes;
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
And all the passions, all the soul, is there.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

"Look before you leap."

BY F. W. MINER.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are periods in the history of each individual, when the heart is anxious to shun the responsibility of choosing between two paths that lie before it and would willingly submit to the guidance of another; but when, at the same time, there is something in the nature of the act contemplated, which forbids disclosure to those who might give the needed advice, and which causes the mind to shrink from a disclosure of its plans. We would, at such times, willingly listen to the counsel of another, if we had the moral courage to state the case before us.

Such was Laura's situation for many days previous to the night when she stealthily crept, like a criminal who fears to be seen by his fellowmen, from the house of her parents. She often said to herself, "I wish some one would tell me what to do," and yet she dared not confide to her most intimate friend the fact that she harbored the design of eloping with her lover.

Notwithstanding the warning whisper "look before you leap" she alighted upon the green-sward in safety, and trembling with excitement she gladly leaned for support upon the arm of her companion.—Then she wandered that she had been so weak as to listen to the voice that seemed to warn her back, for had she not taken the leap from the railing, and escaped injury?

At this point let us contemplate the position of this interesting pair, each of whom was naturally amiable, and each professed to have a due regard to propriety and morality. Hugh professed to be actuated by pure and noble sentiments and to be guided by correct principles in every action.

But let us examine this point closely, and see whether his conduct will stand the test of criticism.

That antiquated book to which we have already alluded contains among other things, an injunction that is familiar to all. Perfect in its code of morals it says to every one: "*Thou* shalt not steal."

Does the spirit of that command include simply the purloining of a neighbor's goods? Hugh Campbell would have scorned to have taken the worth of a pin from any living person. He was as the world goes strictly honest. He would sooner have suffered death by the lingering torture of famine than have deprived his neighbor of a single lamb from his flock. He was a man of honor and principle.

Yet on this calm quiet night in autumn, we behold this honorable man, so scrupulous in his observance of principle, entering the enclosure of his neighbor and stealing from under the shadow of his roof the brightest jewel that adorned the home circle. We find him coming "like a thief in the night" and *as* a thief secretly taking from his neighbor one, whose presence made him happy: whose merry voice was sweetest music to his ear! around whom were twined his heart strings; one who was the light of his house and a star in his "crown of glory."

Look in upon that doating father and that affectionate mother, when they find that her chamber is vacant, and the truth at length flashes upon them. Listen to the painful sobs of that mother; mark the stern pale countenance of that father; note the tear that glistens in his eye as he paces with hasty strides up and down his room, and then tell me if Hugh Campbell could have deprived them of a dearer treasure.

The light that made home happy is not extinguished but it has been removed, and darkness surrounds them. The heart bleeding for the loss of its idol thus stolen away, refuses to be comforted. The voice that was music to their ears, is heard only in fancy, and each recurrence of its musical tones, serves only to increase their anguish. Happiness has given place to sorrow.

Yet he, who has caused their grief, claims to be an honest and honorable man. He would not have taken a lamb from his neighbor's flock to appease the cravings of hunger, yet he has dared to enter his neighbor's inner fold, and to deprive him of one who would be more missed than all else; his eldist, his darling child

How fares it with the runaways? It is sufficient for our purpose to note the result of their journey. They arrived safely in the village of——in Duchess County, where was peformed the emportant ceremony, that either dates the commencement of the realization of the dreams of bachelors and maidens of domestic and social happiness, shared by the one who thenceforward holds the nearest and most sacred relation that can exist between two persons, and the first place is the affections of the heart of the chosen one, or, it dates the commencement of a life of misery; the result of disappointment in the object upon which the heart has placed its affections, or the natural consequence of being guided by unworthy motives in choosing a companion for Life's journey.

On the following day they returned to their native City, and Hugh having rented and furnished a small house, they were in a few days quietly settled down and then they hoped to enjoy happiness.

At the end of a few months let us look in upon them. We find them enjoying the comfots of life and to a casual observer they seemed happy. But let us examine more closely.

The romance of the affair that had linked their fate for life had somehow gradually dissolved.

Already was Laura beginning to feel that the anticipated pleasures of housekeeping were far more agreeable than the realities. She was young and unexperienced.

It is true she had been (as most New England girls are) instructed in the various duties of house-keeping, but during her girlhood she had been seldom required to make a practical application of her knowledge. She was now in a situation where it was necessary for her to discharge many duties that are irksome to the young and inexperienced. She had passed, as it were, at a single step from the midst of gay and gladsome girlhood, with its freedom from care and anxiety, its thousand pleasures that can never be forgotten in after years, into the real scenes of married life, where the duties to be performed required the exercise of the highest qualities of the female heart, in all their full strength and perfection. The thought that she had disobeyed the commands of her parents did not lighten the burdens of her situation.

Hugh was chiefly dependent upon the labor of his hands for support, and during the day he was generally absent from home. How much during his absence did Laura miss the company of "the loved ones at home." She felt that it was useless to regret the step she had taken; it could not be retraced, and no prower could save her from the consequences flowing from it.—Yet she could not wholly control her thoughts, or forget the past.

We may well suppose that she loved her husband with all the entensity of the first pure love of the youthful heart, since she had chosen to leave father and mother for his sake, but the fact that she loved, is but one of many facts, the existence of which are necessary to the enjoyment of married life.

It is said that "love hides a multitude of faults," but love can never enable a man to digest without injury to his physical system, a badly cooked dinner, or blind him to the existence of disorder in his house. Neither does love subsist on air.—In short lovers like other mortals like to have the "good things" of life around them.

The love that is created by the sight of a pretty face and a graceful figure neatly attired and the possessor languishing upon a sofa, *may* not burn so brightly when that face is heated by bending over a cooking stove, or when that figure is less neatly arranged, and the dear creature is dabbling in a wash-tub, *or* it *may* continue unchanged. Much depends upon the mental constitution of the person, but more depends upon the question whether one has been accustomed to take a practical view of matters and things, and in entering the matrimonial state, has anticipated its realities instead of indulging the imagination in building' air-castles.—Many persons never anticipate days of clouds and storms, but look altogether on one side of the picture. The result is that realities produce disappointment and unhappiness. But let us return to the history we have begun.

A year has passed by. Hugh, thus far faithful to the principles by which he professed to be guided, enjoys the confidence of those with whom he has had business transactions, and while at home with his young wife, he seems to retain all the fondness of the lover for her; yet there are at times an expression of care upon her countenance which indicates that something is amiss; for surely the lapse of time alone can not have had the effect of saddening one so young. What has happened to cause her to be at times so sad and thoughtful, and in the absence of her husband to indicate a hidden grief by that infallible sign which it is woman's privilege to exhibit her tears.

In the space of time that has elapsed since her marriage, she has discovered that it was not without reason, that her kind and watchful father warned her against receiving the visits of a young man who takes a "social glass." On more than one occasion has her husband exhibited unmistakeable evidence of having looked upon the wine "when it was red."

True he had been intoxicated but once, so far as she knew, and that was on the occasion in the month of May when the citizens turned out to welcome the newly elected Governor to the Capitol. On that occasion he had been "led away" (as all men are, who get dunk, if we are to trust their explanation) by his companions, and had returned home to his anxious wife at a late hour of the night, so changed in appearance and manner from what he was in the morning, that Laura was shocked and grieved beyond expression.

True he had explained and excused the act; but at subsequent times he had seemed less happy at home, less fond of her whom he had promised to love cherish and protect during life, and more inclined to prolong his stay abroad.

(To be Continued.)

"I say, boy stop that ox." "I havn't got no stopper, Sir." "Well, head him, then." "He's already headed, Sir."—"Confound your impertinence—turn him." "He's right side out already, Sir."—"Speak to him, you rascal you." "Good morning, Mr. ox."

What tables are most used throughout the world? Vegetables, eat-tables, and time tables.

Salad for the Solitary

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—A reservoir has two equal sized supplying pipes, and two equal sized discharging pipes. When empty, if both supplying pipes and one discharging pipe are open, it will be filled in 8 hours and 12 minutes; when full, if one supplying pipe and both discharging pipes are open, it will be emptied in 1 hour and 36 minutes. In what time, when full, would the reservoir be emptied, if all the pipes were open, the water always flowing at the above named rates? Ans. next week.

Ans. to ques. of last week.—480.19×.

AN ALABAMA MORNING.—The Montgomery *Advertiser* describes a late Friday morning "as a jewel, the air as pure as a young girl's heart, the ground as hard as a covetous man's conscience, and the sky heavenly."

A man could not sustain life at a distance in the atmosphere of 25,000 feet from the earth's surface.

CONSCIENCE TROUBLED THEM.—An exchange paper says: "A man in a certain village, with whom we are acquainted, having had sanded sugar sold to him, inserted in the weekly paper the following notice:

"I purchased of a grocer in this village a quantity of sugar, from which I obtained one pound of sand; and if the rascal who cheated me will send to my address seven pounds of good sugar, (scripture measure,) I will be satisfied, if not, I shall expose him."

On the following day nine seven-pound packages of sugar were left at his residence from as many different dealers, each supposing himself to be the person intended.

A tipler, who squinted awfully, used sometimes to mourn that his eyes did not agree. "It's very lucky for you," replied his freind, "for if your eyes had been *matches* your nose would have set them on fire long ago."

A child is eager to have any toy he sees, but throws it away at the sight of another, and is equally eager to have *that*. We are most of us *children* through life, and only change one *toy* for another from the cradle to the grave.

"Did the defandent approach the plaintiffs seriatim?" inquired an attorney, in a case of assault and battery, the other day. "No, Sir-ee," was the reply; "he went at 'em with a poker."

Some landlords are in the habit of laying an extra fork across the plates of their delinquent boarders, as much as to say, "Fork over."

WHAT is it you must keep after giving it to another? Your word.

"We have to pay for everything," as a man said when a musquito, after a voluntary serenade, sent his bill into him.

MERELY TALKING TO OURSELF.—As we glance at the history of passing days, we say to ourself within: "There are thousands of moral teachers but sin increases. This is a christian era, still the preachers do not preach away crime; with this advancement ,how long will it require to heathenize and brutalize the world?"

Alcohol was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia —950 years ago. It still reddens the human face.

Let thy mildness, excuse thy power: dread to be feared. "Why may the mean not fear, nor great despise."

WHY?—A down-east paper wants to know why credit should not be given to physicians in notices of deaths, as well as clergymen in notices of marriages.

A Chinese proverb says a lie has no legs and can not stand; but it has wings and can fly far and wide.

"Come get up—you've been in bed long enough," as the gardner said when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

Many of the brightest virtues are like stars—there must be night, or they can not shine. Without suffering there could be no fortitude, no suffering, no patience, no compassion, no sympathy.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end—the first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled in a journey, are all important things—they make a beginning, and thereby a hope, a promise a pledge, an assurance, that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many poor, idle, erring hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way thro' the world, who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting on his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning.

HARD NAMES IN TEXAS.—Texas is as celebrated as California for the selection of wretched and terrible names for its towns. In that State are situated the one-horse villages of Rakepocket, Emptybucket, Doughplate, Bucksnort, Possomtrot, Buzzardroost, Hardscrabble, Nipentuck and Lickskillet.

COOLING HIM OFF.—When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her first husband, she comes in the night before her second marriage, to the grave of her dead husband. Here she kneels, and prays to him, and intreats him "not to be offended—not to be jealous." As, however, she fears he will be jealous and angry, the widow brings with her a donkey, ladened with two goat skins of water. Her prayers and intreaties being done, she proceeds to pour on the grave the water, to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she departs.

Our native forests furnish us with Nature's own remedy for all lung complaints. Dr. Wistar, in his Balsam, combines the essential qualities of the Cherry Bark with Tar Water. It has cured many cases of seated consumtion.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Most evils are subject to treatment, after the origin is understood. The hot days of Summer are coming with their nights made musical by tiny winged insects. O! the musketoes what a nuisance. If you would effectually expel them from your chamber, read

Where Musketoes come From.

Many people are puzzled to know how these pests of summer originate, and they may be gratified by a chapter on natural history, furnished by living entomologist:

The musketoes proceed from the animalcule, commonly termed the "wiggle tail." I took a bowl of clean water and set it in the sun. In a few days some half dazen "wiggle tails" were visible. These continued to increase in size, till they were three-sixteenths of an inch in length. As they approached their maturity, they remained longer at the surface, seeming to live in the two mediums of air and water; finally they assumed a chrysalis form, and by an increased specific gravity sank to the bottom of the bowl. Here, in a few hours, I perceived a short, black furze or hair growing out on every side of each, till it assumed the form of a minute caterpillar. And thus its specific gravity being counteracted, or lightened, it readily floated to the surface, and the slightest breath of air wafted it against the side of the bowl. In a very brief space of time afterward, the warm atmosphere hatched out the fly, and it escaped, leaving its tiny house upon the water. How beautiful, yet how simple!

After the water had gone through this process, I found it perfectly free from animalcule. I therefore came to the conclusion that this "wiggle tail" is a species of the shark, who, having devoured whole tribes of animalcule, takes himself wings, and escapes into a different medium, to torture mankind and deposit eggs upon the water to produce other "wiggle tails," who in turn produce other musketoes.

Any man who has "kept house," with a cistern in the yard, has doubtless observed the same effect every summer.—Open your cistern cover every morning in the musketoe season; and millions of them will fly up in your face. Close the windows of your room at night, at the risk of being smothered for want of air, being careful at the same time previously to exclude every musketoe, and go to bed with a pitcher of that same cistern water in the room, and enough will breed from it during the night to give you any satisfactory amount of trouble. In fact, standing by a shallow, half-stagnant pool, in a midsummer's day, you may see the "wiggle tails" become perfectly developed musketoes, and they will rise from the surface of the water, and fly into your face and sting you. What it is necessary to know at this day is—has there yet been discovered any positive exterminator of that great pest, and disturber of night's slumbers, the musketo?

GRAPES AS HOUSE PLANTS.—Sombody has recommended to cultivate dwarf grape vines as parlor-window plants, and the suggestion strikes us favorably. There are certain utilitarians who can not consent to grow anything which does not furnish food for the stomach, or money for the pocket; as for "cluttering up" their rooms with geraniums, roses, and lilles, that is all folly! Now, let such persons try a grape-vine at their south window. Plant in a large pot or neatly painted box, and train the vines on wires stretched across the window-france. We can conceive that such a plant would satisfy the sense of bauty and utility at the same time, and that in a high degree. It would be the finest ornament of the house and as for the fruit, why certainly that would be appreciated.

Milk Sickness—Its Cause and Cure.

As this disease is oftentimes fatal and wide spread in some sections of our country, any effectual remedy for it must be a great boon to suffering humanity. A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* asserts that its cause is the presence of cobalt in the soil of the pastures on which the cattle feed whose milk is said to produce the sickness. The remedy for it, is sulphuric acid, but he gives no directions as to its uses. We believe he is mistaken regarding cobalt in the soil, but he may be correct as to the remedy.

About five drops of sulphuric acid in a pint of water sweetened with a little white sugar, makes a pleasant and tart drink, which has been found very effective in curing dysentery, and it may be equally good for milk sickness. Very dilute sulphuric acid is no more dangerous than lemon juice in a beverage, therefore it may be safely tried for the above disease.

If there is cobalt in the soil of the meadows where the above sickness prevails, it can be easily detected by stirring some of the soil in clear soft hot water, allowing the sediment to settle, pouring off the clear solution and using are-agent, such as ammonia, which will form a blue precipitate (if not used in excess) with the cobalt.—*Scientific American.*

RAILROAD INDICATOR.—We see that a patent was issued a few weeks since for a "Railroad Indicator"—a machine that exhibits a card with the name of a station printed upon it, and strikes a bell to call the attention of the passengers to the fact. This is done at each station. The machine operates both in the forward and return trip, and saves much confusion to passengers and trouble to conductors. It can be placed in each coach with but little trouble.

HOW TO IMPROVE SOGGY POTATOES.—At this season of the year, potatoes are very liable to be moist and soggy after boiling, and many a good dinner will be spoiled on account of the bad potatoes. A simple remedy for this is the following:—After the potatoes are sufficiently boiled, and the skins taken off, place them in a dry cloth, and express the moisture by a slight wringing; they will then appear mealy, and taste as well as the best Hibernians.

DEBT.

Oh, beware of debt:
It crushes out the manhood of a man,
Robs his bright eye of boldness, his limbs
Of elasticity, unnerves his hand,
Beclouds his judgment, dulls his intellect,
Perils his uprightness, and stains his name,
And minifies him to his fellow men;
Yea, far worse degradation, to himself.

Business Cards.

THE TIMES:
A LITERARY & FAMILY PAPER, PUBLISHED FOR THE SOUTH
Having a large list of the best writers, its contents are mostly original—embracing Original Stories, History, Biography, Science, Agriculture, Education, Poetry and News.
Published weekly at $2, by
OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT
Greensboro, N. C.
Specimens sent gratis.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Porthsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering.

JAMES M. EDNEY, COMMISSION MERCHANT, 56 *John street, N. Y.* Buys and forwards every kind of merchandise for 2½ *per cent. Commission.* Refers to Govs. Swain and Morehead, N. W. Woodfin, J. W. Osborne, C. P. Mendenhall, A. M. Gorman, Esqs. and Rev. C. F. Deems, Hon. W. A. Graham, and others. *Dealer in* Pianos, Melodeons, Organs, Harps, Guitars, Music, Sewing Machines, Iron Safes, Pumps, Garden Engines, &c. A printed list of all the different makers, kinds and prices *sent free.* Publisher of an elegant lithograph of "*Hickory Nut Falls*," N. C. ($1,) and the "*Cherokee Physician: or, Indian Guide to Health.*" This invaluable *family adviser* should be in every house. It treats of all diseases, has a copious glossary and prescribes the remedies and from nature's bounteous stores for all our infirmities and misfortunes. It is printed on fine white paper, handsomely bound, fourth edition, 300 pages, and is *mailed free for one dollar.*
New Rosewood Pianos, $150. (107:1y)

A NEW CABINET SHOP—J. A. PRITCHETT would respectfully inform the citizens of Greensboro and surrounding country that he has opened a CABINET SHOP on South street, one door from the Depot, where he is prepared to furnish all articles in his line such as Dressing Bureaus, Wardrobes, Bedsteads, Washstands, Tables, &c.

Work delivered on board the Cars *free of charge.*

He is desirous that all persons wishing anything in his line would call and examine his work as he is confident, from his past experience, that it cannot be excelled in any other shop. 60::1y

Dr. B. L. COLE,
HAVING TAKEN AN OFFICE on West Market St., Greensboro, N. C., next door to Cole & Amis' Store, offers his services to the Citizens of said place and surrounding country

From his experience in the treatment of disease, he flatters himself that he can meet and conquer the various forms of disease, though insidious in its attack, wherever the science of Medicine or Surgery can be available.

He would particularly call the attention of those suffering with scrofula, cancer, and all other Surgical diseases, Diseases and Malformation of the eye and ear. Those having cross eyes and wishing them straight and natural in appearance can have it done by applying to him.

Ladies suffering from long standing chronic disease which has baffled the skill of others might be benefitted by giving him a trial, as his experience has been extensive in the treatment of diseases peculiar to Females, at all events no charge will be made for advice when his skill cannot cure or greatly mitigate the sufferings of his patient. Persons living at a distance and wishing the benefit of his services by applying to him will be assisted in procuring comfortable boarding on accommodating terms. He has also had an extensive practice in Specific diseases of all kinds and professional Confidence never violated.
Feb. 1, 1858. 108–1y.

Cabinet Furniture
AND
COTTAGE BEDSTEADS,
MANUFACTURED BY
JOS. SEARS.
THESE BEDSTEADS, with other articles of Cabinet Furniture, kept constantly on hand and for sale cheap by the Manufacturer. Apply at his shop on West Market street, shop formerly occupied by P. Thurston.
Greensboro, N. C. 22:7m

MRS. LUCRETIA SALLEE HAS taken a room in Messrs. J. & F. Garret's New Brick building, second story, and expects to be able to accommodate all who may want Bonnets Bleached and Dressed. She will also make Ladie's Dresses, or Gentlemen's Coats, Pants, Vests. All work will be done in good style and on moderate terms.
Room No. 3, second story, J. & F. Garrett's New Brick Building.
Oct 27th. (44.)

Young America in the Field!
SCOTT & GORRELL are now prepared to take likenesses of all descriptions, Ambrotypes, Melainotypes, Cameotypes, &c., surpassed by none for beauty and durability. Having permanently located in this place, they confidently look for a liberal patronage. Call and examine their specimens. Gallery on the 2nd floor of Garrett's New Brick building.
Greensboro Feb. 1858. 108.

G. H. KELLEY & BROTHER, Dealers in Family Groceries and provisions, No. 11 North Water St., Wilmington, N. C. Will keep constantly on hand, Sugars, Coffee, Molasses, Chees, Flour, Butter, Lard, Soaps, Crackers, Starch, Oils, Snuffs, &c., &c.
References.—O. G. Parsley, President of Commercial Bank, John McRae, President of Bank of Wilmington, of Wilmington; A. M. Gorman, Rev. R. T. Heflin, of Raleigh; J. & F. Garr tt, David McKnight, of Greensborough 8::ly.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**

All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115-tf.

JUST AT HAND—A Superior article of Adamantine Candles at 25 cts. per lb., by the Box. COLE & AMIS.
March 31, 1858.

100 KEGS NAILS, assorted sizes, for sale cheap for cash by
April, 1858. COLE & AMIS.

LAMPS.
A large lot of FLUID LAMPS just received at the Drug Store of W. C. PORTER.

JUST AT HAND A LOT OF Marshall's fine table Salt, for sale, By COLE & AMIS.
Feb. 1.

ADAMANTINE AND TALLOW Candles by the lb or Box for sale at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

SUSPENDED NOTES ON NORTH CAROLINA Banks taken at par for goods at S. ARCHER'S.
Oct. 26.

THE NORTH-CAROLINA
JOURNAL OF EDUCATION,
Devoted to the general interests of Education, in all its grades, is published in neat pamphlet form, on the 1st of every month at the following rates:
Single Copy, 1 year,..................$ 2.00
6 Copies, " to one address, 10.00

BOARD OF EDITORS—C. H. WISEY, Sup. of Common Schools of N. C.; F. M. HUBBARD, Chapel Hill; CHARLES PHILLIPS, Chapel Hill; E. F. ROCKWELL, Davidson College; B. CRANEN, Normal College; W. H. OWEN, Forestville; JAMES H. FOOTE, Taylorsville; R. STERLING, Greensboro'; WILL. K. BLAKE, Fayetteville; D. S. RICHARDSON, Wilson; SAMUEL H. WILEY, Washington; N. MCKAY, Summerville; G. W. BROOKS, Raleigh; R. H. BROWN, Asheboro'; J. A. WADDELL, Raleigh; J. D. CAMPBELL, *Resident Editor.*

All communications should be addressed to the Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.

Persons sending $3 will receive a copy of the *Journal* and a copy of the *Times*, for one year.

Opinions of the Press.

We make the following extracts from the notices, of the first No. of the N. C. Journal of Education, in our exchanges:

"The Journal will prove of service to the State, and we recommend all who are interested in the progress of Education in North Carolina to subscribe."—*Wilmington Herald.*

"The cause of Education will form the burden of its efforts. The present number is one of much promise, and from the number and character of the Editors, we may look for a very valuable publication."—*Wilmington Commercial.*

The Central Presbyterian, published in Richmond Va., after mentioning a number of the Board of Editors says—"These names are a pledge to the public that the journal will be conducted with ability,—and from their diversified position over an extensive field they can the more effectually present their views, experiences, and observations, for the common benefit of all. The design of the work is *practical.* * * * The field, is a large and diversified one; and such a work can scarcely fail to have an auspicious bearing upon the cause of education not only in North Carolina, but in other States. And here we may be permitted to remark that very few are aware of the progress which North Carolina has made during the last twenty years, in the cause of education. * * * For ourselves we are not at all envious of North Carolina, because of her having first embarked in this enterprise; but we wish her God speed in every noble undertaking, for the enlightenment and elevation of her people."

We might multiply the extracts, but our friends have already seen many of them and we have not room for more.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Imporence, Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c

The Howard Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report or treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
March, 1858. (113–1 y.)

THE BEST CHANCE TO GET A GOOD BARGAIN.—The subscriber informs his Friends and the public generally that he has yet on hand a very large Stock of Ready made Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Shirts, Drawers, Umbrellars, Carpet Bags, Watches, Pistols and a great many other articles too numerous to mention, which will be sold at cost for cash to close the Business, persons in want of such goods will do well to call early as they are *going*, GOING, GOING & GONE.
S. ARCHER,
Grensboro, March '58. East Market-Street.

FRANGIPANI, AN ETERNAL Perfume. The perfume bearing the above name is undoubtedly one of the most gratifying to the olfactory nerve ever yet discovered.
Call at Porter's Drug Store where you can get it in any of its variety of forms—with a great variety of other popular perfumes and Toilet articles.
Dec. 1.

AN EXCELLENT Assortment of Hats and Caps may be found at the cash store of R. N. CALDWELL.

DRUGS! DRUGS!! DRUGS!!!
JUST to hand a large and well selected stock of Medicines, Oils, Paints, Dye Stuff, Brushes, Perfumery, Pomades, Extracts, Soaps, Cosmetics.
Also,
SEGARS of the choicest Brands; in fact, every article usually found in a Drug Store. Call on East Market. Orders promptly filled, Perscription carefully put up at all hours by
W. C. PORTER

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!
IF YOU HAVE ANY TIN, CALL on the Subscriber and exchange a little of it for a good stove at 25 to 30 ℔ cent, above costs, and if you want good cooking, try one of the various kinds of *COOK STOVES* he has on hand, and you will save labor, patience and *Tin*; and finally, if you want to keep me out of trouble, and keep out yourselves, come up and let us have a squaring up of accounts, once more, and trade faster and pay oftener hereafter.
Respectfully, yours,
C. G. YATES.
Greensboro, Feb. 23, '58 111:3m

FULTON AND PRICE.
STEAM PRINTERS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.,
Issue the Daily Journal six times a week at $6, and Wilmington Journal every Friday morning, at $2 50 per year, invariably in advance, and papers discontinued when the time paid for expires.

The Daily Journal contains a daily report of the markets in Wilmington, together with the latest Commercial and other intelligence throughout the country, received up to the hour of going to press.

The Weekly Paper contains all the principal news of the week, and all the important editorial matter of the several daily issues together with a weekly report of the markets of this town, carefully collected and written out in full by our own reporter.

The circulation of the Weekly paper is now quite large, and is constantly on the increase. The Daily Journal has also a very respectable circulation, especially among business men. These papers afford facilities for advertising surpassed by no others in this section.

JOB WORK.
Having just added to our hitherto large and well-selected Job Office, a magnificent assortment of **Plain & Fancy Job TYPE,** we are confident that we can execute ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING IN THE BEST STYLE FOR THE LEAST MONEY OF ANY OFFICE IN THE STATE. Persons wishing
Pamphlets, Circulars, Hand-Bills,
Business-Cards, Visiting-Cards, Bill-Heads,
Or any thing else in the Printing line, would do well to try us once.

BLANKS.
WE have just printed, on a very good article of Fool's Cap, a general assortment of BLANKS—consisting (in part) of
Blank Warrants, Ca Sa Bonds, Affidavits,
Writs, Executions, Land Deeds,
Deeds of Trust, Witness Tickets, Juror Tickets,
Land Entries, Subpœnas, Ca Sas,
Com. for Depositions, Writs to sell Land, &c., &c.
Or will print, on the shortest notice, any kind we may not have on hand if ordered. They can be sent by mail if desired.
For Jobs or Blanks, address or call on
OGBURN, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
West Market Street, Greensboro N.C.

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,
IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic*, easier, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic*, but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics*. It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR.

The **Liver** is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, the powers of the system are fully developed. The *stomach* is almost entirely dependent on the healthy action of the *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions; when the stomach is at fault, the bowels are at fault, and the whole system suffers in consequence of one organ—the *Liver*—having ceased to do its duty. For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy wherewith to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with **Liver Complaint**, in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, **purifying the blood,** giving tone and health to the whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical cure.

Billious attacks are cured, and, what is better, prevented, by the occasional use of the **Liver Invigorator.**

One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.

Only one dose taken before retiring, prevents **Nightmare.**

Only one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels gently, and cures **Costiveness.**

One dose taken after each meal will cure **Dyspepsia.**

One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes the cause of the disease, and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves **Cholic**, while

One dose often repeated is a sure cure for **Cholera Morbus**, and a preventive of **Cholera.**

Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of medicine after a long sickness.

One bottle taken for **Jaundice** removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures **Chronic Diarrhœa** in its worst forms, while **Summer** and **Bowel** complaints yield almost to the first dose.

One or two doses cures attacks caused by **Worms** in Children; there is no surer, safer, or speedier remedy in the world, as it *never fails*.

A few bottles cures **Dropsy**, by exciting the absorbents.

We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for **Fever and Ague, Chill Fever**, and all **Fevers of a Bilious Type.** It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR
IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and is daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, *even the first dose giving benefit*, and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of **Liver** Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache*, all of which are the result of a **Diseased Liver.**
PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.
SANFORD & Co., Proprietors, 345 Broadway, New York.
Wholesale Agents:
BARNES & PARK, New York; T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia; M. S. BURR & Co., Boston; H. H. HAY & Co., Portland; JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati; GAYLORD & HAMMOND, Cleveland; FAHNESTOCK & DAVIS, Chicago; O. J. WOOD & Co., St. Louis; GEORGE H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh; S. S. HANCE, Baltimore. And retailed by all Druggists. *Sold also by*
115;1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD of RICH GLOSSY HAIR, completely preserved to the greatest age.

And who that is gray would not have it restored to former color: or bald, but would have the growth restored, or troubled with dandriff and itching but would have it removed, or troubled with scrofula, scald head, or other eruptions, but would be cured, or with sick headache, (neuralgia) but would be cured. It will also remove all pimples from the face and skin. Prof. Wood's Hair Restorative will do all this, see circular and the following.

ANN ARBOR, November 5, 1856.

PROF. O. J. WOOD—Dear Sir: I have heard much said of the wonderful effects of your Hair Restorative, but having been so often cheated by quackery and quack nostrums, hair dyes, &c, I was disposed to place your Restorative in the same category with the thousand and one loudly trumpeted quack remedies, until I met you in Lawrence county some months since, when you gave me such assurance as induced the trial of your Restorative in my family—first by my good wife, whose hair had become very thin and entirely white, and before exhausting one of your large bottles, her hair was restored nearly to its original beautiful brown color, and had thickened and become beautiful and glossy upon, and entirely over the head; she continues to use it, not simply because of its beautifying effects upon the hair, but because of its healthful influence upon the head and mind. Others of my family and friends are using your Restorative, with the happiest effects; therefore, my skepticism and doubts in reference to its character and value are entirely removed; and I can and do most cordially and confidentially recommend its use by all who would have their hair restored from white or gray (by reason of sickness or age,) to original color and beauty, and by all young persons who would have their hair beautiful and glossy. Very truly and gratefully yours, SOLOMON MANN.

FRIEND WOOD: It was a long time after I saw you at Blissfield before I got the bottle of Restorative for which you gave me an order upon your agent in Detroit, and when I got it we concluded to try it on Mrs. Mann's hair, as the surest test of its power. It has done all that you assured me it would do; and others of my family and friends, having witnessed its effects, are now using and recommending its use to others as entitled to the highest consideration you claim for it. Again, very respectfully and truly, yours, SOLOMON MANN.

CARLYLE, ILL., June 28, 1852.

I have used Prof. O. J. Wood's Hair Restorative, and have admired its wonderful effects. My hair was becoming, as I thought, prematurely gray, but by the use of his Restorative it has resumed its original color, and, I have no doubt, permanently so.
S. BRESSE, ex-Senator, U. S.

O. J. WOOD & CO., Proprietors, 312 Broadway, N. Y., (in the great N. Y. Wire Railing Establishment) and 114 Market street, St. Louis, Mo. And sold by all good Druggists by
T. J. PATRICK,
W. C. PORTER,
109.3m Greensboro.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.
Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.
And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.—R. N. Caldwell has just received his neat and well selected assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, consisting in Dry Goods, Hardware, Crockery, Groceries, Druggs, Paints and Die Stuffs, Castings, Cedar and willow wares, all of which he offers on the most reasonable terms and earnestly solicits his friends, and the trading community to an examination of his stock.

Terms exclusively cash or its equivolent, and no deviation in Prices.
R. N. CALDWELL